A MYRROVRE

For Magistrates.

Wherein may be seen by example of other, with howe greuous plages vices are punished: and howe fraple and vnstable worldly prosperitie is founde, euen of those, whom Fortune seemeth most highly to fauour.

*

Foelix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.

Anno. 1559.

LONDINI,
In ædibus Thomæ Marshe.

To the nobilitye and all other in office, God graunt vvisedome and all thinges nedeful for the preseruacion of theyr Estates. Amen.

PLATO Among many other of his notable sentences concerning the gouernment of a cõmon weale, hath this: Well is that realme, gouerned, in which the ambicious desyer not to beare office. Wherby you may perceiue (right honorable) what offices are, where they be duely executed: not gaynful spoyles for the gredy to hunt for, but payneful toyles for the heedy to be charged with. You may perceyue also by this sentence, that there is nothing more necessary in a common weale, than that officers be diligent and trusty in their charges. And sure in whatsoeuer realme such prouision is made, that officers be forced to do their duties, there is it as harde a matter to get an officer, as it is in other places to shift of, and put by those, that with flat-

tery, bribes, and other shiftes, sue and preace for offices. For the ambicious (that is to say prollers for power or gayne) seeke not for offices to helpe other, for whiche cause offices are ordayned, but with the undoing of other, to pranke up them selves. And therfore bar them once of this bayte, and force them to do their duties, & they will geve more to be rid fro their charges, than they did at the first to bye them: For they seke only their commodity and ease. And therfore, where the ambicious seeke no office, there no doubt, offices are duly ministred: and where offices are duly ministred, it cā not be chosen, but the people are good, whereof must nedes folow a good common weale. For if the officers be good, the people can not be yll. Thus the goodnes or badnes of any realme lyeth in the goodnes or badnes of the rulers. And therfore not without great cause do the holy Apostels so earnestly charge us to pray for the magistrates: For in dede the welth and quiet of everye common weale, the disorder also and miseries of the same, cum specially through them. I nede not go eyther to the Romans or Grekes for proofe hereof, neyther yet to the Jewes, or other nations: whose common weales have alway florished while their officers were good, and decayed and ranne to ruyne, whan noughty men had the regiment. Our owne countrey stories (if we reade & marke them) will shewe us examples ynow, would God we had not seen moe then ynowe. I purpose not to stand here uppon the particulers, because they be in part set furth in the tragedyes. Yet by the waye this I note (wishing all other to do the like)

namely

namely, that as good goberners habe neber lacked their deſerbed renowme, ſo habe not the bad eſcaped infamy, beſides ſuch plages as are horrible to hear of

For God (the ordeyner of Offices) although he ſuffer them . punishment of the people to be often occupied of ſuch, as are rather ſpoilers and Judaſſes, than toylers or Juſtices (whom the ſcripture therfore calleth Hipocrites) yet ſuffereth he them not to ſkape vnpunished, becauſe they diſhonour him. For it is Gods owne office, yea his chiefe office, whych they beare & abuſe. For as Juſtice is the chief vertue, ſo is the miniſtracion therof, the chiefeſt office: & therfore hath God eſtabliſhed it with the chiefeſt name, honoring & calling kinges, & all officers vnder the by his owne name, Gods. Ye be all Gods, as many as habe in your charge any miniſtracion of Juſtice. What a fowle ſhame wer it for any now to take vpon them the name and office of God, and in their doinges to ſhew them ſelves diuyls: God can not of Juſtice, but plage ſuch ſhameles preſumption and hipocriſy, and that with ſharpe full death, diſeaſes, or infamy. Howe he hath plaged euill rulers from time to time, in other nacions, you may ſee gathered in Boccas booke intituled the fall of Princes, tranſlated into Engliſhe by Lydgate: Howe he hath delt with ſum of our countreymen your aunceſtors, for ſundrye vices not yet left, this booke named A Myrrour for Magiſtrates, can ſhewe: which therfore I humbly offre vnto your honors, beſeching you to accept it fauorably. For here as in a loking glas, you ſhall ſee (if any vice be in you) how the like hath bene puniſhed in other

heretofore, whereby admonished, I truste it will be a good occasion to move you to the soner amendment. This is the chiefest ende, whye it is set forth, which God graunt it may attayne.

The worke was begun, & part of it v ..till.yeare agoe, but hyndred by the lord Chauncellour that then was, nevertheles, through ỳ meanes of my lord Stafford, lately perused & licenced. Whan I first tooke it in hand, I had the helpe of many graunted, & offred of sum, but of few performed, skarce of any: So that wher I entended to have continued it to Quene Maries time, I have ben faine to end it much sooner: yet so, that it may stande for a patarne, till the rest be ready: which with Gods grace (if I may have anye helpe) shall be shortly. In the meane while my lords and gods (for so I may call you) I most humbly beseche you, favourably to accepte this rude myrrour, and diligently to read and consider it. And although you shall finde in it, that sum have for their vertue been envied and murdered, yet cease not you to be vertuous, but do your offices to the vttermost: punish sinne boldly, both in your selues and other, so shall God (whose lieutenauntes you are) eyther so maynteyne you, that no malice shall prevayle, or if it do, it shal be for your good, and to your eternall glory both here and in heaven, which I beseche God you may covet and attayne. Amen.

Yours most humble,
V Villiam Baldvvin.

¶ A Briefe Memorial of sundrye Unfortunate Englishe men.

William Baldwin to the Reader.

WHan the Printer had purposed with hym selfe to printe Lidgates booke of the fall of Princes, and had made priuye thereto, many both honourable and worshipfull, he was counsailed by dyuers of theim, to procure to haue the storye contynewed from where as Bochas lefte, vnto this presente time, chiefly of suche as Fortune had dalyed with here in this ylande: whiche might be as a myrrour for al men as well noble as others, to shewe the slyppery deceytes of the waueryng lady, and the due rewarde of all kinde of vices. Whiche aduyse lyked him so well, that he required me to take paynes therin: but because it was a matter passyng my wyt and skyll, and more thankles than gaineful to meddle in, I refused vtterly to vndertake it, excepte I might haue the helpe of suche, as in wyt were apte, in learning allowed, and in iudgemente and estymacion able to wield and furnysh so weighty an enterpryse, thinkyng euen so to shift my handes. But he earnest and diligent in his affayres, procured Athlas to set

vnder his shoulder: for shortly after, dyuers learned men whose many gyftes nede fewe prayses, consented to take vpon theym parte of the trauayle. And whan certayne of theym to the nombre of seuen, were throughe a generall assent at a apoynted tyme and place gathered together to deuyse therupon, I resorted vnto them, bering with me the booke of Bochas, translated by Dan Lidgate, for the better obseruacion of his order: whyche although we lyked well, yet wouldе it not cumly serue, seynge that both Bochas and Lidgate were dead, neyther were there any alyue that meddled with lyke argument, to whom the vnfortunat might make their mone.

To make therfore a state mete for the matter, they al agreed that I shoulde vsurpe Bochas rowme, and the wretched princes complayne vnto me: and tooke vpon them selues euery man for his parte to be sundrye personages, and in theyr behalfes to bewayle vnto me theyr greuous chaunces, heuy destinies, & wofull misfortunes.

This doen, we opened suche bookes of Cronicles as we had there present, and maister Ferrers, after he had founde where Bochas left, whyche was about the ende of king Edwarde the thirdes raigne, to begin the matter, sayde thus.

I meruaile what Bochas meaneth to forget among his myserable princes, such as wer of our nacion, whose nombre is as great, as their aduentures wunderful: For to let passe all, both Britons, Danes, and Saxons, and to cum to the last Conquest, what a sorte are they, and sum euen in his owne tyme? As for example, king Richarde the fyrste, slayne with a quarelle in his chiefe prosperitie

perittie, also king Iohn his brother as sum saye, poysoned: are not their histories rufull and of rare example: But as it shoulde appeare, he beynge an Italien, myxted most the Roman and Italike story, or els perhaps he wanted our countrey chronicles. It were therfore a goodlye and a notable matter to searche & dystrourse oure whole storye from the fyrst beginning of the inhabitynge of the yle. But seynge the printers mynde is to haue vs followe where Lidgate left, we wyll leaue that great labeure to other that maye intende it, and (as blinde bayarde is alway boldest) I wyll begin at the tyme of Rycharde the second, a tyme as vnfortunate as the ruler therein. And forasmuche frende Baldvvin, as it shalbe your charge to note, and pen orderly the whole proces, I wyll so far as my memorie and iudgement serueth, sum what further you in the truth of the story. And therefore omytting the ruffle made by Iacke Strawe and his meyny, and the mourder of many notable men which therby happened, for Iacke (as ye knowe) was but a poore prince: I will begin with a notable example whiche within a whyle after ensued. And althoughe he be no great prince, yet sythens he had a princelye office, I wyll take vpon me the miserable person of syr Robert Tresilian chiefe Iustice of Englande, and of other vvhich suffred with him: thereby to warne all of his authoritie and profession, to take heed of wrong Iudgementes, misconstruyng of lawes, or wrestyng the same to serue the princes tunes, whiche ryghtfullye brought theym to a myserable ende, whiche they may iustly lament in maner ensuyng.

The fall of Robert Treſilian chiefe Iuſtice of Englande, and other his felowes, for miſconſtruyng the lawes, and expounding them to ſerue the Princes affections.

IN the rufull Regiſter of miſchief and miſhap,
Baldwin we beſeche thee wt our names to begin,
Whom vnkendly Fortune did trayne vnto a trap,
When we thought our ſtate moſt ſtable to haue bin,
So lightly leeſe they all which all do ween to wyn:
Learne by vs ye Lawyers and Iudges of the lande
Uncorrupt and vpryght in doome alway to ſtande.

And print it for a preſident to remayne for euer,
Enroll and recorde it in tables made of braſſe,
Engraue it in marble that may be razed neuer,
Where Iudges and Iuſticers may ſee, as in a glaſſe,
What fee is for falshode, and what our wages was
Who for our princes pleaſure corrupt with meed and awe
Wittyngly and wretchedly did wreſt the ſence of lawe.

A chaunge more newe or ſtraunge ſeldome hath be ſeen
Then from the benche aboue to cum downe to the bar:
was neuer ſtate ſo turned in no tyme as I ween,
As they to becum clyentes that counſaylours erſt were,
But ſuch is Fortunes playe, which featly can prefer
The iudge that ſate aboue, full lowe beneth to ſtand,
At the bar a priſoner holdynge vp his hand.

Whiche in others cause coulde stoutly speake and plead,
Both in court and countrey, careles of the tryall,
Stande mute lyke mummers without atturne or read,
Unable to utter a true plea of denyall:
Whiche haue seen the daye when that for haste a tryall,
We coulde by very arte haue made the blacke seme white,
And matters of most wrong, to haue appered most right.

Beholde me unfortunate forman of this flocke,
Cresilian sumtime chief Justice of this lande,
By discent a gentleman, no staine was in my stocke,
Loketon, Holt, and Welknap, with other of my bande
Whiche the lawe and iustice had wholy in our handes
Under the seconde Richarde a prince of great estate,
To whom frowarde fortune gaue a foule checkmate.

In the common lawes our skill was so profounde,
Our credite and authoritie suche and so esteemed,
That what so we concluded was taken for a grounde,
Allowed was for lawe, what so to vs best semed:
Lyfe, death, landes, goodes, and all by vs was demed,
Whereby with easye paine, so great gaine we did get,
That euery thing was fishe that came into our net.

At sessions and at syses we bare the stroke and swey,
In patentes and commissions of Quorum, alway chiefe:
So that to whether syde so euer we did wey,
Were it right or wrong it past without repriefe,
We let hang the true man sumwhiles to saue a thiefe
Of golde and of syluer our handes were neuer emptye,
Offices, fermes, and fees, full to vs in great plentye.

But

But what thing maye ſuffyſe vnto the gredye man?
The more he hath in holde, the more he doeth deſyre,
Happy and twiſe happy is he that wiſely can
Content him ſelfe with that whiche reaſon doth requyre,
And moyleth for no more then for his needfull hyre:
But gredyneſe of mynde doth neuer kepe the ſyſe,
Whiche though it haue enough yet doth it not ſuffyſe.

For lyke as dropſye pacientes drinke, and ſtyll be dry,
Whoſe bulkaunched thyrſt no lyquor can allaye.
And drinke they neuer ſo muche yet ſtyll for more they cry:
So couetous catchers toyle both nyght and day,
Gredy and euer nedy prollyng for theyr praye.
O endles thyrſt of golde corrupter of all lawes,
What miſchiefe is on molde wherein thou art not cauſe?

Thou madeſt vs forget the fayth of our profeſſion,
When ſergeantes we were ſworne to ſerue the cõmon lawe.
Whiche was that in no poynte we ſhould make digreſſion
From approued principles in ſentens nor in lawe:
But we vnhappy wretches without all drede and awe
Of the Iudge eternall, for worldes bayne promocion,
More to man than God dyd beare our hole deuocion.

The lawes we interpreted and ſtatutes of the lande,
Not truelye by the texte, but truly by a gloſe:
And wordes that wer moſt plaine whan thei by vs wer ſtande
Wer turned by conſtruction lyke a welchmans hoſe,
Wherby many one both lyfe and lande dyd loſe:
Yet this we made a mean to mount aloft on mules,
To ſerue kings in al poinctes men muſt ſumwhile breke rules.

Thus

Thus clymyng and contendyng alway to the top
From hye vnto hygher, and than to be moste hye,
The sunny dewe of Fortune so fast on vs dyd drop
That of kinge Richards counsayle we came to be full nye:
To crepe into whose fauour we were full fyne and slye
Alway to his profite where any worde myght sounde
That way (all were it wrong) the sens we dyd expounnde.

So wurkyng lawe lyke ware, the subiecte was not sure
Of lyfe, lande, nor goods, but at the princes wyll:
Whiche caused his kingdome the shorter tyme to dure,
For clayming power absolute both to saue and spyll,
The prince therby presumed his people for to pyll:
And set his lustes for lawe, and will had reasons place,
No more but hang and drawe, there was no better grace.

The king thus transcending the lymittes of his lawe,
Not raygning but raging by youthfull insolence,
Wyse and worthy persons, dyd fro the courte withdrawe,
There was no grace ne place for auncient prudence,
Presumcion and pryde with excesse of expence
Possessed the palays, and pillage the countrye:
Thus all went to wracke, vnlyke of remedie.

The Baronye of Englande not bearyng this abuse,
Conspyring with the commons assembled by assent,
And seynge neyther reason, nor treaty, could induce
The king in any thing his Rygor to relent,
Pawgree all his might they called a parlyament
Francke and free for all men without checke to debate
As well for weale publyke, as for the princes state.

In whiche

In whiche parlyament muche thinges was proponed
Concerning the regaly and ryghtes of the crowne,
By reaſon kynge Richarde, whiche was to be moned,
Full lytell regardynge hys honour and renowne,
By ſynyſter aduyſe, had tourned all vpſodowne.
For ſuerty of whoſe ſtate, them thought it dyd behooue
Hys corrupt counſaylours, from him to remooue.

Among whom, Robert Uere, called duke of Irelande
With Mychell Delapole of Suffolke newe made erle,
Of Yorke alſo the Archebyſſhop, dyſpatcht wer out of hande,
With Tremayne of London Mayor, a full vncurteous churle,
Sum learned in the lawe in cryle they dyd hurle:
But I poore Treſilian because I was the chiefe
was dampned to the gallowes moſt vyly as a thiefe.

Loe the fyne of falshode, the ſtypende of corruption,
Fye on ſynfulnyng lucre, of all vnryght the lure:
Ye Iudges and ye Iuſticers let my moſt iuſt punycion,
Teache you to ſhake of bribes and kepe your handes pure.
Ryches and promocion be vaine thynges and vnſure,
The fauour of a prince is an vntruſty ſtaye,
But Iuſtyce hath a fee that ſhall remayne alwaye.

what glory can be greater before god or man,
Then by the pathes of equitie in iudgement to proceede,
So duly and ſo truly the lawes alwayes to ſkan,
That ryght may take his place without reward or mede,
Set aparte all flattery and vaine worldly drede:
Take god before your eyes the iuſt iudge ſupreme,
Remembre well your reckening at the daye extreme.

Abandon all affray, be soothfast in your sawes,
Be constant and careles of mortall mens displeasure,
With eyes shut & hands close you should pronounce the sawes
Esteme not worldly byse, thynke ther is a treasure
More worth then golde or stone a thousande tymes in valure,
Reposed for all suche as rightrousnes ensue,
Whereof you cannot fayle, the promys made is true.

If sum in latter dayes, had called vnto mynde
The fatall fall of vs for wrestyng of the rygbt,
The statutes of this lande they should not haue defynde
So wylfully and wyttingly agaynst the sentence quyte:
But though they skaped paine, the falte was nothing lyght:
Let them that cum hereafter both that and this compare,
And waying well the ende, they wyll I trust beware.

When maister Ferrers had finished this tragedye, whiche semed not vnfyt for the persons touched in the same An other whyche in the mean tyme had stayed vpon syr Roger Mortimer, whose miserable ende as it should appeare, was sumwhat before the others, sayd as foloweth. Althoughe it be not greatly appertinent to our purpose, yet in my iudgement I thynke it woulde do wel to obserue the times of men, and as they be more auncient, so to place theym: for I fynde that before these, of whom maister Ferrers here hath spoken, there were two Mortimers, the one hanged in Edwarde the thirdes tyme out of oure date, another slayne in Irelande in Richarde the secondes tyme, a

yere before the fall of these Justices: whose history sith it is notable and the example fruitfull, it were pitie to ouerpasse it. And therfore by your lycence and agrement, I will take vpon me the personage of the last, who full of woundes, miserably mangled, with a pale countenaunce, and grisly looke, may make his mone to Baldvvin as foloweth.

A Myrrour

Howe the two Rogers, surnamed Mortimers, for theyr sundry vices ended theyr lyues vnfortunately.

Among the ryders of the rollyng wheele,
That lost theyr holdes, Baldwin forget not me,
whose fatall threede false Fortune nedes would reele,
Ere it were twysted by the systers three.
All folke be frayle, theyr blysses brittle bee:
For proofe whereof although none other wer,
Suffyse may I, syr Roger Mortimer.

Not he that was in Edwardes dayes the thyrde,
Whom Fortune brought to boote and efte to bale,
With loue of whom the kyng so muche she sturde,
That none but he was heard in any tale:
And whyles she smooth, blewe on this merye gale,
He was created earle of Marche, alas,
Whence enuy sprang whiche his destruction was.

For welth breedeth wrath, in suche as welth do want,
And pryde with folly in suche as it possesse,
Among a thousande shall you fynde hym skant,
That can in welth his lokye harte represse,
Whiche in this Erle due proofe did playne expresse,
For where he sum what hauty was before,
His high degree hath made hym nowe muche more.

For

For nowe alone he ruleth as him luſt,
No recketh for rede, ſaue of kyng Edwardes mother:
Whiche forced enuy fonlder out the ruſt,
That in mens hartes before dyd lye and ſmother.
The Piers, the people, as well the one as the other,
Againſt hym made ſo haynous a complaynt,
That for a traytour he was taken and attaynt.

Then all ſuche faultes as were forgot before,
The ſhower afreſh, and ſum what to them ad:
For cruell enuy hath eloquence in ſtore,
whan Fortune byds, to warſte thinges meanely bad.
Fyue haynous crymes againſt hym ſoone were had,
Fyrſt, that he cauſde the kyng to yelde the Skot,
To make a peace, townes that were from him got:

And therewithall the charter called Ragman,
That of the Skots he bribed priuy gayne,
That through his meanes for Edward of Carnaruan
In Barkley caſtell trayterouſly was ſlayne:
That with his princes mother he had layne.
And fynally with pollyng at his pleaſure,
Had robde the kyng and commons of theyr treaſure.

For theſe thynges loe whiche erſt were out of minde
He was condemned, and hanged at the laſt,
In whom dame Fortune fully ſhewed her kynde,
For whom ſhe heaues, ſhe hurleth downe as faſt:
If men to cum would learne by other paſt,
This coſen of myne myght cauſe them ſet aſyde,
High clymyng, bribyng, murdring, luſt, and pryde.

The fynall cauſe why I this proceſſe tell,
Is that I may be knowen from this other,
My lyke in name, vnlyke me though he fell,
Whiche was I thinke my graund ſier or his brother:
To counte my kyn, dame Philip was my mother,
Deare doughter and heyre of douty Lyonell,
The ſeconde ſonne of a kyng that dyd excell.

My father hyght ſyr Edmunde Mortimer,
True erle of Marche, whence I was after erle
By iuſt diſcent, theſe two my parentes wer,
Of whiche the one of knighthoode bare the ferle,
Of womanhoode the other was the perle:
Throughe theyr deſerte ſo called of euery wight,
Tyll death them tooke, and left in me theyr ryght.

For why the attaynder of my elder Roger,
(whoſe ſhamefull death I tolde you but of late)
was founde to be vnluſt, and paſſed ouer
Agaynſt the lawe, by thoſe that bare hym hate.
For where by lawe the loweſt of free eſtate
Should perſonally be heard ere iudgement paſſe,
They barred hym this, where through diſtroyed he was.

Wherfore by doome of courte in parlyament,
whan we had proued our coſen ordred thus,
The kyng, the Lordes, and Commens of aſſent,
His lawles death vnlawfull dyd diſcus:
And both to blood and good reſtored vs.
A preſydent moſt worthy, ſhewed, and left
Lordes lyues to ſaue that lawles might be reft.

whyle

whyle Fortune thus dyd furder me amayne
Kyng Rychardes grace the ſeconde of the name
(whoſe diſſolute lyfe dyd ſoone abridge his rayne)
Made me his mate in earneſt and in game:
The Lordes them ſelues ſo well allowed the ſame,
That throwe my tytles duely cummyng downe,
I was made heyre apparaunt to the crowne.

who then but I was euery where eſteemed:
well was the man that myght with me acquaynte,
whom I allowed,as Lordes the people demed.
To what ſo euer folly had me bente,
To lyke it well the people dyd aſſente:
To me as prince,attended great and ſmall,
In hope a daye would cum to paye for all.

But ſeldome ioye continueth trouble boyde,
In greateſt charge cares greateſt do enſue,
The moſt poſſeſt are euer moſt anoyed,
In largeſt ſeas fore tempeſtes lyghtly brue,
The freſheſt colours ſooneſt fade the hue,
In thickeſt place is made the depeſt wounde,
True proofe wherof my ſelfe to ſoone haue founde.

For whyles that Fortune lulde me in her lap,
And gaue me gyftes mo than I dyd requyre,
The ſubtyll queen behynde me ſet a trap,
whereby to daſhe and laye all in the myre:
The Iryſhe men againſt me dyd conſpyre,
My landes of Ulſter fro me to haue reft,
whyche heritage my mother had me left.

And

And whyles I there, to set all thinges in ſtay,
(Omyt my toyles and troubles thitherwarde)
Among myne owne with my retinue lay,
The wylder men whom lytell I dyd regarde,
And had therefore the reckeles mans rewarde:
When leaſt I thought ſet on me in ſuche number,
That fro my corps my lyfe they rent a ſunder.

Nought myght auayle my courage nor my force,
Nor ſtrength of men whiche were alas to fewe:
The cruell folke aſſaulted ſo my horſe,
That all my helpes in pieces they to hewe,
Our blood diſtayned the grounde as drops of dewe,
Nought myght preuayle to flee nor yet to yelde,
For whom they take they murdre in the fyelde.

They know no lawe of armes nor none will lerne:
They make not warre (as other do) a playe,
The lorde, the boye, the Galloglas, the kerne,
Yelde or not yelde, whom ſo they take they ſlay,
They ſaue no priſoners, for raunſom nor for pay:
Their chiefeſt boote they counte their bodobs heade,
Their ende of warre to ſee their enmye deade.

Amongeſt theſe men or rather ſauage beaſtes,
I loſt my lyfe, by cruell murder ſtaine.
And therfore Baldwin note thou well my geaſtes,
And warne all princes raſhnes to refraine:
Bid them beware their enmies when they faine,
Nor yet preſume vnequally to ſtrike,
Had I thus done, I had ben man alyue.

But

But I diſpyled the naked Iryſhmen,
And for they flewe, I feared them the leſſe:
I thought one man ynough to matche with ten,
And through this careles vnadviſednesſe,
I was deſtroyed, and all my men I geſſe,
At vnawares aſſaulted by our foen,
Whiche were in numbre fourty to vs one.

Se here the ſtaye of fortunate eſtate,
The vayne aſſuraunce of this brittell lyfe,
For I but yong, proclaymed prince of late,
Right fortunate in children and in wife,
Loſt all at once by ſtroke of bloody knife:
Wherby aſſurde let men them ſelues aſſure,
That welth and lyfe are doubtfull to endure.

After that this Tragedy was ended, maiſter Ferrers ſayde: ſeyng it is beſt to place eche perſon in his ordre, Baldvvin take you the Chronicles and marke them as they cum: for there are many wurthy to be noted, though not to be treated of. Firſt the lord Morif a Scotiſhman, who tooke his deathes wounde through a ſtroke lent hym by the erle of Notingham whom he chalenged at the tilte. But to omit him, & alſo the fatte Prior of Tiptre, preaced to death with throng of people vpon London bridge at the Quenes entry, I will cum to the duke of Glocestre the kinges vncle, a man muche mynding the comunon weale, & yet at length miſerably made away. In whoſe perſon yf ye wyll gyue eare, ye ſhall heare what I thinke mete to be ſayd.

Howe ſyr Thomas of VVudſtocke Duke of Gloceſter, vncle to king Richarde the ſeconde, vvas vnlavvfully murdred.

WHoſe ſtate is ſtaiȝcht in ſemyng moſt ſure,
And ſo far from daunger of Foꝛtunes blaſt,
As by the compas of mans conieƈture,
No bꝛaſen pyller maye be fyrte moꝛe faſt:
Yet wantyng the ſtaye of pꝛudent foꝛecaſt,
Whan frowarde Foꝛtune lyſt foꝛ to frowne,
Paye in a moment tourne vpſyde downe.

In pꝛoofe whereof, O Baldwin, take payne
To hearken awhyle to Thomas of Wudſtocke,
Addꝛeſſe in pꝛeſence his fate to complayne,
In the foꝛloꝛne hope of the Engliſh ſtocke:
Extraƈte by diſcent from the royall ſtocke,
Sonne to kyng Edward third of that name,
And ſeconde to none in gloꝛy and fame.

This noble father to maynteyne my ſtate,
With Buckyngham Erldom dyd me indowe,
Both Nature and Foꝛtune to me were grate,
Denyeng nothing which they myght allowe:
Theyꝛ ſundꝛy graces in me did ſo ſhowe,
As bewty, ſtrength, high fauour and fame,
Who may of God moꝛe wyſh than the ſame?

Brothers we were to the numbre of seuen,
I beyng the yyrt, and yongest but one:
A more royall race was not vnder heauen,
More stowte or more stately of stomacke and person,
Princes all peeles in eche condicion:
Namely syr Edwarde called the blacke prince,
Whan had Englande the lyke before eyther since:

But what of all this, any man to assure,
In state vncarefull of Fortunes varyaunce:
Syth dayly and hourely we see it in vre,
That where most cause is of assyaunce,
Euen there is founde moste weake assuraunce,
Let none trust Fortune, but folowe Reason:
For often we see in trust is treason.

This prouerbe in proofe ouer true I tryed,
Finding high treason in place of high trust.
And most faulte of fayth where I most affyed:
Beyng by them, that should haue been iust,
Traytorously entrapt, ere I coulde mystrust.
Ah wretched worlde what it is to trust thee,
Let them that wyll learne nowe hearken vnto mee.

After king Edwarde the thyrdes decease,
Succeded my Nephewe Rychard to reyne,
Who for his glory and honors encrease,
With princely wages dyd me enterteyne,
Agaynst the Frenchmen to be his Chyefteyne:
So passyng the seas with royall puissaunce,
With God and S. George I inuaded Fraunce.

walking

Walking the countrey with ſwurde and with fyer,
Ouerturning townes, high caſtels and towers,
Lyke Mars God of warre enflamed with yre,
I forced the Frenchmen rabaddon theyr bowers:
Where euer we matcht I wan at all bowers,
In ſuche wyſe viſyting both Cytie and village,
That alway my ſoldiers were laden with pillage.

With honoure and triumph was my retourne,
Was none more ioyous than yong king Richarde:
Who minding more highly my ſtate to adourne,
with Gloceſter Dukedome dyd me rewarde:
And after in mariage I was preferde,
To a daughter of Bohan an earle honorable,
By whome I was of Englande high Conſtable.

Thus hoyſed ſo high on Fortunes wheele,
As one on a ſtage attendyng a playe,
Seeth not on whiche ſyde the ſcaffolde doth reele,
Tyll tymber and poales, and all flee awaye:
So fared it by mee, for day by daye,
As honour encreaſed I loked ſtyll hyer,
Not ſeyng the daunger of my fonde deſyer.

For whan Fortunes ſtud ran with full ſtreame,
I beyng a Duke deſcended of Kinges,
Conſtable of Englande, chiefe officer in the realme,
Abuſed with eſperaunce in theſe vaine thinges,
I went without feete, and flewe without winges:
Preſumyng ſo far vpon my high ſtate
That dread ſet aparte, my prince I would mate.

For where as al kings haue counsel of their choyse
To whom they refer the rule of theyr lande,
With certayne famyliers in whom to reioyce,
For pleasure or profyt, as the case shall stande,
I not bearyng this, would nedes take in hande,
Maulgree his wyll those persons to dysgrace,
And such as I thought fyt to appoynt in their place.

But as an olde booke sayth, who so wyll assaye,
Aboute the Cats necke to hang on a bell,
Had fyrst nede to cut the Cats clawes awaye,
Least yf the Cat be curst, or not tamed well,
She haply with her nayles may clawe him to the fell:
For doyng on the bell about the cats necke,
By beyng to busy I caught a sore checke.

Reade well the sentence of the Rat of renoune,
Which Pierce the plowman discribes in his dreame,
And who so hath wyt the sense to expoune,
Shall fynde that to bridle the prince of a realme,
Is euen (as who sayeth) to striue with the streame:
Note this all subiectes, and construe it well,
And busy not your braine about the cats bell.

But in that ye be Lyeges learne to obaye,
Submyttyng your wylles to your princes lawes,
It sytteth not a subiecte to haue his owne waye,
Remember this bywurde of the Cats clawes:
For princes lyke Lyons haue long and large pawes
That reache at raundon, and whom they once twitch,
They clawe to the bone before the skyn itch.

But

But to my purpoſe, I beyng once bent,
Towardes the atchiuyng of my attemptate,
Fower bolde Barrons were of myne aſſent,
By oth and allyaunce faſtly conſederate:
Fyrſt Henry of Derby, an Earle of eſtate,
Richarde of Arundell, and Thomas of Warwicke,
With Mowbray erle Marſhall a man moſt warlicke.

At Ratcote bryage aſſembled our bande,
The Commons in cluſters cam to vs that day,
To daunte Robert Vere, then Duke of Irelande,
By whom king Rycharde was ruled alway:
We put hym to flyght, and brake his array,
Then maulgree the kyng, his leaue or aſſent,
By Conſtables power we called a parlyament.

Where not in roabes, but with baſtardes bright,
We cam for to parle of the Publyke weale,
Confyrming our quarell, with maine and with might
With ſwurdes and no wurdes we tryed our appeale,
In ſtede of Reaſon declaryng our Zeale,
And whom ſo we knewe with the kyng in good grace
Playnely we depryued him of power and of place.

Sum with ſhorte proces were banyſhe the lande,
Sum executed with capytall payne,
Wherof who ſo lyſt, the whole to vnderſtande,
In the parlyament roll it appeareth playne,
And furder howe ſtoutly we dyd the king ſtrayne,
The Rule of his realme wholy to reſygne,
To the order of thoſe, whom we dyd aſſygne.

But

For where as al kings haue counsel of their choyse
To whom they refer the rule of theyr lande,
With certayne famyliers in whom to reioyce,
For pleasure or profyt, as the case shall stande,
I not bearyng this, would nedes take in hande,
Maulgree his wyll those persons to dysgrace,
And such as I thought fyt to appoynt in their place.

But as an olde booke sayth, who so wyll assaye,
Aboute the Cats necke to hang on a bell,
Had fyrst nede to cut the Cats clawes awaye,
Least yf the Cat be curst, or not tamed well,
She haply with her nayles may clawe him to the fell:
For doyng on the bell about the cats necke,
By beyng to busy I caught a sore checke.

Reade well the sentence of the Rat of renoune,
Which Pierce the plowman discribes in his dreame,
And who so hath wyt the sense to expoune,
Shall fynde that to bridle the prince of a realme,
Is euen (as who sayeth) to striue with the streame:
Note this all subiectes, and construe it well,
And busy not your braine about the cats bell.

But in that ye be Lyeges learne to obaye,
Submyttyng your wylles to your princes lawes,
It sytteth not a subiecte to haue his owne waye,
Remember this bywurde of the Cats clawes:
For princes lyke Lyons haue long and large pawes
That reache at raundon, and whom they once twitch,
They clawe to the bone before the skyn itch.

But

But to my purpose, I beyng once bent,
Towardes the archiuyng of my attemptate,
Fower holde Barrons were of myne assent,
By oth and allyaunce fastly confederate:
Fyrst Henry of Derby, an Earle of estate,
Richarde of Arundell, and Thomas of Warwicke,
With Nowbray erle Marshall a man most warlicke.

At Ratcote bryage assembled our bande,
The Commons in clusters cam to vs that day,
To daunte Robert Vere, then Duke of Irelande,
By whom king Rycharde was ruled alway:
We put hym to flyght, and brake his array,
Then maulgree the kyng, his leaue or assent,
By Constables power we called a parlyament.

Where not in roabes, but with baslardes bright,
We cam for to parle of the Publyke weale,
Confyrming our quarell, with maine and with might
With swurdes and no wurdes we tryed our appeale,
In stede of Reason declaryng our Zeale,
And whom so we knewe with the kyng in good grace
Playnely we deprined him of power and of place.

Sum with shorte proces were banyshe the lande,
Sum executed with capytall payne,
Wherof who so lyst, the whole to vnderstande,
In the parlyament roll it appeareth playne,
And furder howe stoutly we dyd the king strayne,
The Rule of his realme wholy to resygne,
To the order of those, whom we dyd assygne.

But

But note the ſequele of ſuche preſumption,
After we had theſe myracles wrought,
The king enflamed with indignacion,
That to ſuche bondage he ſhould be brought,
Suppreſſyng the yre of his inwarde thought:
Studyed nought els but howe that he myght
Be highly reuenged of his high diſpight.

Aggreued was alſo this latter offence,
with former matter his yre to renue:
For once at wyndſore I brought to his preſence,
The Mayor of London with all his retinue,
To are a reckening of the Realmes reuenue:
And the ſoldiers of Breſt were by me made bolde,
To clayme entertainment the towne being ſolde.

Theſe grieſes remembred, with all the remnaunt,
Of hate in his hert hourded a treaſure,
Yet openly in thewe made he no ſemblaunt,
By wurde nor by deede to beare diſpleaſure:
But loue dayes diſſembled do neuer endure,
And who ſo truſteth a foe reconcylde,
Is for the moſt parte alwayes begilde.

For as fyer yll quencht will vp at a ſtarte,
And ſores not well ſalued do breake out of newe,
So hatred hydden in an yre full harte,
Where it hath had long ſeaſon to brewe,
Upon euery occaſion doth eaſely renewe:
Not ſayling at laſt, yf it be not let,
To paye large vſury beſides the due det.

Euin

Cuin ſo it fared by this frendſhip fained,
Outwardly ſounde, and inwardly rotten:
For whan the kinges fauour in ſemyng was gained,
All olde diſpleaſures forgyuen and forgotten,
Cuin than at a ſodayne the ſhafte was ſhotten,
Whiche pearced my harte doyde of miſtruſt,
Alas that a prince ſhould be ſo vniuſt.

For lying at Plaſſhey my ſelfe to repoſe,
By reaſon of ſyckenes whiche helde me full ſore:
The king eſpying me aparte from thoſe,
with whom I confedered in bande before,
Thought it not meete, to tract the tyme more,
But glad to take me at ſuche auauntage,
Came to ſalute me with friendly vyſage.

Who hauyng a bande bounde to his bent,
By coulour of kyndenes to vyſet his Came,
Tooke tyme to accompliſh his cruell intent:
And in a ſmall veſſell downe by the ſtreame,
Conueyed me to Calays out of the realme,
where without proces or doome of my peres,
Not nature but murder abridged my yeres.

This acte was odious to God and to man,
Yet rygour to cloke in habyte of reaſon,
By craftp compas deuiſe they can,
Articles nyne of ryght haynous treaſon:
But doome after death is ſure out of ſeaſon,
For who euer ſawe ſo ſtraunge a preſydent,
As execution doen before iudgement.

Thus hate harboured in depth of mynde,
By sought occasyon burst out of newe,
And cruelty abused the lawe of kynde,
whan that the Nephewe the Uncle slewe,
Alas king Rycharde sore mayst thou rewe:
whiche by this hate preparedst the waye,
Of thy harde destynie to hasten the daye.

For blood areth blood as guerdon dewe,
And vengeaunce for vengeaunce is iust rewarde,
Oryghteous God thy iudgementes are true,
For looke what measure we other awarde,
The same for vs agayne is prepard:
Take heed ye princes by examples past,
Blood wyll haue blood, eyther fyrst or last.

When maister Ferrers had ended this fruytfull tragedye, because no man was readye with another, I, hauyng perused the story whiche cam next, sayd: Because you shall not say my maisters but that I wyll in sum what do my parte, I wyll vnder your correction declare the tragedy of the Lord Mowbray, the chiefe worker of the Dukes destruction: who to admonysh all Counsaylers to beware of flattering princes, or falsely enuying or accusyng theyr Peregalles, may lament his vices in maner folowyng.

Hovve

Howe the Lorde Mowbray promoted by Kyng Richarde the ſeconde, was by hym banyſhed the Realme, and dyed miſerably in exyle.

THough ſorowe and ſhame abaſh me to reherce
My lothſum lyfe and death of due deſerued,
Yet that the paynes thereof may other perce,
To leaue the lyke, leaſt they be lykely ſerued,
Ah Baldwin marke, I wil ſhew thee how I ſwarued:
Dyſſemblyng, Enuy, and Flattery, bane that be
Of all their boſtes, haue ſhewed their power on me.

I blame not Fortune though ſhe dyd her parte,
And true it is ſhe can doo lytell harme,
She gyueth goods, ſhe hampreth not the harte,
A vertuous mynde is ſafe from euery charme:
Vyce, onely vyce, with her ſtoute ſtrengthles arme,
Doth cauſe the harte to euyll to enclyne,
Whiche I alas, doo fynde to true by myne,

For where by byrth I came of noble kynde,
The Mowbrayes heyre, a famous houſe and olde,
Fortune I thanke her, was to me ſo kynde,
That of my prince I had what ſo I wolde:
Yet neyther of vs was muche to other holde,
For I through flattery abuſed his wanton youth,
And his fonde truſt augmented my vntruth.

He made me fyrſt the earle of Notyngham,
And Marſhall of the realme, in whiche eſtate,
The Peres and people ioyntly to me came,
with ſore complaynt againſt them that of late
Made officers, had brought the king in hate
By makynge ſale of Juſtice, ryght and lawe,
And lyuyng nought, without all dreede or awe.

I gaue them ayde theſe cuyls to redreſſe,
And went to London with an army ſtrong,
And cauſed the king againſt his wyll oppreſſe
By cruell death, all ſuche aſked hym wrong:
The lorde chiefe Juſtice ſuffred theſe among,
So dyd the Steuarde of his houſholds head,
The Chauncelour ſcapte, for he aforehande fled.

Theſe wicked men thus from the king remoued,
who beſt vs pleaſed, ſucceded in theyr place:
For whiche both kyng and commons muche vs loued
But chiefely I with all ſtoode high in grace,
The kyng enſued my rede in euery caſe,
whence ſelfe loue bred: for glory maketh proude,
And pryde aye lookerh alone to be allowde.

wherfore to thende I might alone enioye
The kinges good wyll I made his luſt my lawe:
And where of late I laboured to deſtroye,
Suche flatryng folke as thereto ſtoode in awe,
Nowe learned I among the reſt to clawe:
For pride is ſuche, yf it be kindely caught,
As ſtryueth good, and ſkyrreth vp euery nought.

Pryde

Pryde prycketh men to flatter for the pray,
To oppreſſe and pol for mayntenaunce of the ſame,
To malyce ſuche as matche bnethes it may:
And to be brefe, pryde doth the harte enflame,
To fyer what myſchiefe any fraude maye frame,
And euer at length the enyls by it wrought
Confounde the worker, and bring him vnto nought.

Beholde in me one proofe of euerye parte:
For pryde fyrſt forced me my prince to flatter
So muche, that what ſo euer pleaſed his harte,
Were it neuer ſo evyll, I thought a lawfull matter,
Whiche cauſed the lordes afreſh againſt him clatter,
Becauſe he had his holdes beyonde ſea ſolde,
And ſeen his ſouldiers of theyr wages polde.

Though all theſe yls were doen by my aſſent,
Yet ſuche was lucke, that eche man deemed no:
For ſee the duke of Gloceſter for me ſent,
With other lordes, whoſe hartes did blede for wo,
To ſee the Realme ſo faſt to ruyne go.
In faulte whereof, they ſayde the two dukes wer,
The one of Yorke, the other of Lancaſter.

On whoſe remobe fro beyng aboute the king
We all agreed, and ſware a ſolempne oth,
And whyle the reſt prouyded for this thyng,
I flatter I, to win the prayſe of troth,
Wretche that I was brake fayth and promiſe both:
For I bewrayed the king theyr whole intent,
For whiche vnwares they all were tane and ſhent.

Thus was the warder of the common weale,
The Duke of Glocester gyltles made awaye,
With other moo, moze wzetche I so to deale,
Who thzough vntruth their trust dyd yll betraye:
Yet by this meanes obteyned I my pzaye,
Of king and Dukes I founde soz this suche fauour
As made me Duke of Nozfolke, soz my labour.

But see howe pzide and enby ioyntly runne,
Because my pzince dyd moze than me, pzeferre
Syz Henry Bolenbzoke, the eldest sunne
Of John of Gaunte, the Duke of Lancaster,
Pzoude I that would alone be blasyng sterre,
Enbyed this Earle, soz nought saue that the shine,
Of his desertes dyd glyster moze then mine.

To the ende therfoze his syght should be the lesse,
I slyly sought all shyftes to put it out:
But as the peyze that would the palme tree pzesse,
Doth cause the bowes spzede larger rounde about,
So spyte and enuy causeth glozy spzout.
And aye the moze the top is ouertrode,
The deper doth the sounde roote spzede abzode.

Foz when this Henry Erle of Harfozde sawe,
What spoyle the kyng made of the noble blood,
And that without all Iustice, cause, oz lawe:
To suffer him so be thought not sure noz good.
Wherfoze to me two faced in a hood,
As touching this, he fully bzake his mynde,
As to his frende that should remedy fynde.

But

But I, although I knewe my prince dyd yll,
So that my heart abhorred ſore the ſame,
Yet myſchief ſo through malyce led my wyll,
To bring this Earle from honour vnto ſhame,
And toward me my ſelfe, my ſouerayne to enflame:
That I bewrayed his wurdes vnto the king,
Not as a rede, but as a moſt haynous thyng.

Thus where my duty bounde me to habe tolde,
My prince his fault, and wylde him to refrayne,
Through flattery loe, I dyd his yll vpholde,
whiche turnde at length both hym and me to payne:
Wo, wo, to kynges whole counſaylours do fayne,
Wo, wo to realmes where ſuche are put in truſt,
As leave the lawe, to ſerue the princes luſt.

And wo to him that by his flatteryng rede,
Mayntayneth a prince in any kynde of vyce:
wo wurth hym eke for enuy, pryde, or mede,
That myſreporters any honeſt enterpryſe,
Becauſe I beaſt in all theſe poyntes was nyce,
The plages of all together on me lyght,
And due, for yll yldoers doth acquite.

For when the Earle was charged with my playnt,
He flatte denyed that any parte was true,
And clayme by armes to aunſwere his attaynt,
And I by vie that warly feates well knewe,
To his deſyre incontinently drewe:
wherwith the king dyd ſeme ryght well content,
As one that paſt not muche with whom it went.

At

At tyme and place apoynted we apeard,
At all poyntes armde to proue our quarels iuſt,
And whan our frendes on eche parte had vs cheard,
And that the Haroldes had vs do our luſt,
with ſpere in reſt we tooke a courſe to iuſt:
But ere our horſes had run halfe theyr way,
A ſhoute was made, the kyng dyd byd vs ſtay.

And for to auoyde the ſheddyng of our bloode,
with ſhame and death, which one muſt nedes haue had
The king through coũſaile of the lordes thought good
To banyſh both, whiche iudgement ſtrayt was rad:
No maruayle than though both were worth and ſad,
But chiefely I that was eryde for aye,
My enmy ſtraunged but for a ten yeares daye.

The date eryrde, whan by this doulfull doome
I ſhould departe to lyue in banyſht bande,
On payne of death, to Englande not to coome,
I went my way: the kyng ſeaſde in his hande,
My offyces, my honours goods and lande,
To paye the due, as openly he tolde,
Of myghty ſummes, whiche I had from hym polde.

See Baldwin ſee, the ſalarye of ſynne,
Marke with what meede vile dyces are rewarded.
Through pryde and enuy I loſe both kyth and kynne,
And for my flattering playnte ſo well regarded,
Cryle and ſlaunder are iuſtly me awarded:
My wife and heyre lacke landes and lawful right
And me theyr lorde made dame Dianaes knyght.

If theſe

If theſe miſhaps at home be not inough,
Adioyne to them my ſorowes in exyle:
I went to Almayne fyrſt, a lande ryght rough,
In whiche I founde ſuche churliſh folke and vyle,
As made me loth my lyfe ech other whyle:
There loe, I learned what it is to be a geſt
Abrode, and what to lyue at home in reſt.

For they eſteme no one man more than eche,
They vſe as well the Lackey as the Lorde,
And lyke theyr maners churliſh is theyr ſpeche,
Their lodging hard, their bourd to be abhorde:
Their pleyted garmentes herewith well accorde,
All iagde and frounſt, with diuers coloures dekt,
They ſwere, they curſe, and drynke tyll they be ſickt.

They hate all ſuche as theſe their maners hate,
Which reaſon would no wiſe man ſhould allow:
With theſe I dwelt, lamenting mine eſtate
Till at the length they had got knowledge, how
I was exilde becauſe I dyd auow
A falſe complaynt agaynſt my truſty frende:
For which they named me traytour ſtyl vnende,

That what for ſhame, and what for werynes
I ſtale fro thence, and went to Venice towne,
Where as I founde more eaſe and frendlynes,
But greater grefe: for now the great renowne
Of Bolenbroke whom I would haue put downe
Was wart ſo great in Britaine and in Fraunce,
That Venice through ech man did him auaunce.

Thus loe his glory grew through great despyte
And I therby increased in defame:
Thus enuy euer doth her host acquyte
Wyth trouble, anguysh, sorow, smart and shame,
But sets the vertues of her foe in flame:
To water lyke, whych maketh clere the stone,
And soples it selfe by running therupon.

Where I had soiurned there a yere
Strange tidinges came he was to England goen,
Had tane the king, & that which touched him nere
Enprisoned him, with other of his foen,
And made hym yelde hym vp his crowne and throne:
When I these thinges for true by serche had tryed,
Griefe griped me so I pined away and dyed.

Note here the ende of pride, se Flateries fine,
Marke the reward of enuy and false complaint,
And warne all princes from them to decline
Lest likely fault do find the like attaynt.
Let this my life be to them a restraynt,
By others harmes who lysteth take no hede
Shall by his owne learne other better rede.

THis tragicall example was of all the cum-
pany well liked, how be it a doubte was
founde therin, and that by meanes of the
diuersity of the Chronicles: for where as maister
Hall whom in this storye we chiefely followed,
maketh Mowbray accuser, and Boleynbroke
appellant, mayster Fabian reporteth the matter
quyte

quite contrary, & that by the reporte of good authours, makyng Bolcynbroke the accuser, and Mowbray the appellant. Which matter sith it is more harde to desise, than nedefull to our purpose, which minde onely to diswade from vices and exalte vertue, we referre to the determinacion of the Haroldes, or such as may cum by the recordes and registers of these doinges, contented in the mean while with the best allowed iudgement, and which maketh most for our forshewed purpose. This doubt thus let passe, I would (q̃ one of the cũpany) gladly say sumwhat for king Richard. But his personage is so sore intangled as I thinke fewe benefices be at this day: for after his imprisonment, his brother and diuers other made a maske, minding by Henries destruction to haue restored him, which maskers matter so runneth in this, that I doubt which ought to go before. But seing no man is redy to say ought in their behalfe, I will geue who so listeth leasure to thinke therupon, and in the meane time to further your enterprise, I will in the kinges behalfe recount such part of his story as I thinke most necessary. And therfore imagine Baldvvin that you see him al to be mãgled, with blew woundes, lying pale and wanne al naked vpon the cold stones in Paules church, the people standing round about him, and making his mone in this sort.

A Myrrour

Howe kyng Richarde the ſeconde was for his euyll gouernaunce depoſed from his ſeat, and miſerably murdred in priſon.

Happy is the prince that hath in welth the grace
To folowe vertue, keping vices vnder,
But wo to him whose will hath wisedomes place:
For who so renteth ryght and law a sunder
On him at length loe, al the world shall wunder,
Hygh byrth, choyse fortune, force, nor Princely mace
Can warrant King or Keysar fro the case,
Shame sueth sinne, as rayne drops do the thunder.
Let Princes therfore vertuous life embrace
That wilfull pleasures cause them not to blunder.

Beholde my hap, see how the sely route
Do gase vpon me, and eche to other saye:
Se where he lieth for whome none late might route,
Loe howe the power, the pride, and riche aray
Of myghty rulers lightly fade away.
The King whych erst kept all the realme in doute,
The veryest rascall now dare checke and lowte:
What moulde be Kynges made of, but carayn clay?
Beholde his woundes, howe blew they be about,
Whych whyle he lived, thought neuer to decay.

The

Me thinke I heare the people thus deuiſe:
And therfore Baldwin ſith thou wilt declare
How princes fell, to make the liuing wiſe,
My vicious ſtory in no poynt ſee thou ſpare,
But paynt it out, that rulers may beware
Good counſayle, lawe, or vertue to deſpyſe.
For realmes haue rules, and rulers haue a ſyſe,
Which if they kepe not, doubtles ſay I dare
That eythers greefes the other ſhall agriſe
Till the one be loſt, the other brought to care.

I am a kyng that ruled all by luſt,
That forced not of vertue, ryght, or lawe,
But alway put falſe Flatterers moſt in truſt,
Enſuing ſuch as could my vices clawe:
My faythful counſayle paſſing not a ſtrawe.
What pleaſure pryckt, that thought I to be iuſt,
I ſet my minde, to feede, to ſpoyle, to iuſt,
Three meales a day could ſkarce content my mawe,
And all to augment my lecherous minde that muſt
To Venus pleaſures alway be in awe.

For maynteynannce wherof, my realme I polde
Through Subſidies, fore fines, loanes, many a preſt,
Blanke charters, othes, & ſhiftes not knowen of olde,
For whych my Subiectes did me fore deteſt.
I alſo made away the towne of Breſt,
My fault wherin becauſe mine vncle tolde
(For Princes vyces may not be controlde)
I found the meanes his bowels to vnbreſt.
The Piers and Lordes that did his cauſe vphold,
With death, exile, or greuous fines oppreſt.

Neyther

A Myrrour

Howe kyng Richarde the seconde was for his euyll gouernaunce deposed from his seat, and miserably murdred in prison.

HAppy is the prince that hath in welth the grace
To folowe vertue, keping vices vnder,
But wo to him whose will hath wisedomes place:
For who so renteth ryght and law a sunder
On him at length loe, al the world shall wunder,
Hygh byrth, choyse fortune, force, nor Princely mace
Can warrant King or Keysar fro the case,
Shame sueth sinne, as rayne drops do the thunder.
Let Princes therfore vertuous life embrace
That wilfull pleasures cause them not to blunder.

Beholde my hap, see how the sely route
Do gase vpon me, and eche to other saye:
Se where he lieth for whome none late might route,
Loe howe the power, the pride, and riche aray
Of myghty rulers lightly fade away.
The King whych erst kept all the realme in doute,
The veryest rascall now dare checke and lowte:
What moulde be Kynges made of, but carayn clay?
Beholde his woundes, howe blew they be about,
Whych whyle he lived, thought neuer to decay.

The

Me thinke I heare the people thus deuiſe:
And therfore Baldwin ſith thou wilt declare
How princes fell, to make the liuing wiſe,
My vicious ſtory in no poynt ſee thou ſpare,
But paynt it out, that rulers may beware
Good counſayle, lawe, or vertue to deſpyſe.
For realmes haue rules, and rulers haue a ſyſe,
Which if they kepe not, doubtles ſay I dare
That eythers greefes the other ſhall agriſe
Till the one be loſt, the other brought to care.

I am a kyng that ruled all by luſt,
That forced not of vertue, ryght, or lawe,
But alway put falſe Flatterers moſt in truſt,
Enſuing ſuch as could my vices clawe:
My faythful counſayle paſſing not a ſtrawe.
What pleaſure pryckt, that thought I to be iuſt.
I ſet my minde, to feede, to ſpoyle, to iuſt,
Three meales a day could ſkarce content my mawe,
And all to augment my lecherous minde that muſt
To Venus pleaſures alway be in awe.

For mayntenannce wherof, my realme I polde
Through Subſidies, fore fines, loanes, many a preſt,
Blanke charters, othes, & ſhiftes not knowen of olde,
For whych my Subiectes did me fore deteſt.
I alſo made away the towne of Breſt,
My fault wherin becauſe mine vncle tolde
(For Prynces vyces may not be controlde)
I found the meanes his bowels to vnbreſt.
The Piers and Lordes that did his cauſe vphold,
With death, exile, or greuous fines oppreſt.

Neyther

Neyther lakt I ayde in any wicked dede,
For gaping Gulles whom I promoted had
Woulde farder all in hope of higher mede.
A king can neuer imagine ought so bad
But most about him will perfourme it glad
For sickenes seldome doth so swiftely bredde
As vicious humors growe the griefe to feede.
Thus kinges estates of all be wurst bestad,
Abuse in welth, abandoned at nede,
And nerest harme whan they be least adrad.

My life and death the truth of this can trye:
For while I fought in Ireland with my foes,
Mine vncle Edmunde whom I left to gide
My realme at home, right traytcously arose
To helpe the Percies pyning my depose,
And cald fro Fraunce Erle Bolenbroke, whom I
Condemned ten yeres in eryle to lye:
Who cruelly did put to death all those
That in myne ayde durst looke but once awry,
Whose number was but slender I suppose.

For whan I was cum back this feur to flay,
The Erle of Worcester whom I trusted moste
(Whiles we in Wales at Flint our castell lay
Both to refresh and multiply mine oste)
Did in my hall in sight of least and moste
Vnbreake his staffe, my houshold office slay,
Bad echo man shifte, and rode him selfe away.
See princes, see the power wherof we boste,
Whome most we trust, at nede do vs betray,
Through whose falce faith my land and life I lost.

For

For whan my traytorous Stuard thus was goen,
My ſeruauntes thranke away on euery ſide,
That caught I was, and caryed to my foen:
Who for theyr prince a priſon dyd prouide,
And therin kept me, til duke Henryes pride
Dyd cauſe me yeld him vp my crowne and throne.
Whych ſhortly made my frendly foes to grene:
For Henry ſeing in me their falshode tryde
Abhorde them all, and would be ruide by none,
For whych they ſought to ſtoppe him ſtrayt a tyde.

The chiefe conſpirde by death to driue him down,
For which exployte, a ſolemne othe they ſwore
To render me my libertie and crown,
Wherof them ſelues depriued me before.
But ſalues helpe ſeeld an ouerlong ſuffred ſore.
To ſtoppe the breech no boote to runne or rowne
When ſwelling fluds haue ouerflowen the town:
Til ſailes be spred the ſhip may kepe the shore.
The Ankers waied, though al the frayte do frowne,
With ſtreame and ſteere perforce it ſhalbe bore.

For though the piers ſet Henry in his ſtate,
Yet could they not diſplace him thence agayne:
And where they eaſily put me downe of late,
They could reſtore me by no maner payne:
Thinges hardly mende, but may be mard amayne.
And whan a man is falne in froward fate
Still miſchefes light one in anothers pate:
And wel meant meanes his mishaps to reſtraine
Ware wretched mones, wherby his ioyes abate.
Due proofe wherof in me appereth playne.

For

For whan kyng Henry knew that for my cause
His lordes in maske would kil him if they might,
To dash all doutes, he tooke no farther pause
But sent sir Pierce of Exton a traytrous knight
To Pomfret Castell, with other armed light,
Who causeles kild me there agaynst all lawes.
Thus lawles life, to lawles deth ey drawes.
Wherfore byd kynges be rulde and rule by right,
Who worketh his wil, & shunneth wisedomes sawes
In flateries clawes, & shames foule pawes shal light.

When he had ended this so wofull a tragedy, and to all Princes a right worthy instruction, we paused: hauing passed through a miserable time full of piteous tragedyes. And seing the reyne of Henry the fourth ensued, a man more ware & prosperous in hys doynges although not vntroubled with warres both of outforth and inward enemies, we began to serch what Piers were fallen therin, whereof the number was not small: and yet because their examples were not much to be noted for our purpose, we passed ouer all the Maskers (of whom kyng Richardes brother was chiefe) which were all slayne and put to death for their trayterous attempt. And finding Owen Glendour next, one of fortunes owne whelpes, and the Percyes his confederates, I thought them vnmete to be ouer passed, and therfore sayde thus to the silent cumpany: what my maysters is euery man at

once

once in a browne ſtudy, hath no man affection to any of theſe ſtoryes: you minde ſo much ſum other belyke, that theſe do not move you: And to ſay the troth there is no ſpeciall cauſe why they ſhould. Howbeit Owen Glendour becauſe he was one of fortunes darlinges, rather than he ſhould be forgotten, I wil tel his tale for him vnder the priuilege of Martine Hundred: whych Owen cumming out of the wilde mountaynes like the Image of death in all poyntes (his dart onely excepted) ſo ſore hath famine and hunger conſumed hym, may lament his folly after thys maner.

Howe Owen Glendour seduced by false prophesies tooke vpon him to be prince of VVales, and vvas by Henry then prince therof, chased to the mountaynes, vvhere he miserably dyed for lacke of foode.

I pray the Baldwin sith thou doest entend
To shewe the fall of such as clymbe to hye,
Remember me, whose miserable ende
May teache a man his vicious life to flye:
Oh Fortune, Fortune, out on her I crye,
My body and fame she hath made leane and slender
For I poore wretch am sternen Owen Glendour.

A Welshman borne, and of a gentle blud,
But ill brought vp, wherby full wel I find,
That neither birth nor linage make vs good
Though it be true that Cat wil after kinde:
Flesh gendreth flesh, so doeth not soule or minde,
They gender not, but folwly do degender,
When men to vice from vertue them do surrender.

Eche thing by nature tendeth to the same
Wherof it came, and is disposed like:
Downe sinkes the mold, vp mountes the fiery flame,
With horne the hart, with hoofe the horse doth strike:
The Wulfe doth spoyle, the suttle Fox doth pyke,
And generally no fish, flesh, fowle, or plant
Doth any property that their dame had, want.

But

But as for men, ſith ſeuerally they haue
A mind whoſe maners are by learning made,
Good bringing vp alonly doth them ſaue
In vertuous dedes, which with their parentes fade.
So that true gentry ſtandeth in the trade
Of vertuous life, not in the fleſhly line:
For blud is Brute, but Gentry is diuine.

Experiente doth cauſe me thus to ſay,
And that the rather for my countreymen,
Which vaunt and boaſt their ſelues aboue the day
If they may ſtrayne their ſtocke for wurthy men:
Which let be true, are they the better than:
Nay farre the wurſe if ſo they be not good,
For why they ſteyne the bewty of theyr blood.

How would we mocke the burden bearing mule
If he would brag he wer an horſes ſunne,
To preſſe his pride (might nothing els him rule,)
His boaſt to proue, no more but byd him runne:
The horſe for ſwiftenes hath his glory wunne,
To which the mule could neuer the more aſpier
Though he ſhould prove that Pegas was his ſier.

Ech man may crake of that which is his own,
Our parentes vertues theirs are and not ours:
Who therfore will of noble kind be knowen
Ought ſhine in vertue like his aunceſtors,
Gentry conſiſteth not in landes and towers:
He is a Churle though all the world be his,
He Arthurs heyre if that he liue amys.

For vertuous lyfe doth make a gentleman
Of her poſſeſſour, all be he poore as Job,
Yea though no name of elders ſhewe he can:
For proofe take Merlyn fathered by an Hob.
But who ſo ſettes his mind to ſpoyle and rob,
Although he cum by due diſcent fro Brute,
Ye is a Churle, vngentle, vile, and brute.

Well thus dyd I for want of better wyt,
Becauſe my parentes noughtly brought me vp:
For gentle men (they ſayd) was nought ſo fyt
As to attaſke by bolde attemptes the cup
Of conqueſtes wyne, wherof I thought to ſup:
And therfore bent my ſelfe to rob and ryue,
And whome I could of landes and goodes depryue.

For Henry the fourth did then vſurpe the crowne,
Deſpoyled the kyng, with Mortimer the heyre:
For whych his ſubiectes ſought to put him downe.
And I, whyle Fortune offred me ſo fayre,
Dyd what I myght his honour to appeyre:
And toke on me to be the prynce of Wales,
Entitle therto by many of Merlines tales.

For whych, ſuch Idle as wayte vpon the ſpoyle,
From every parte of Wales vnto me drew:
For loytring youth vntaught in any toyle
Are redy aye all miſchiefe to enſue.
Through help of theſe ſo great my glory grew,
That I defyed my kyng through lofty hart,
And made ſharp warre on all that tooke his part.

See lucke, I tooke lord Reynolde Grey of Rythen,
And him enforſt my doughter to eſpouſe,
And ſo vnraunſomed held him ſtill: and ſithen
In Wygmore land through battayle rygorous
I caught the ryght heyre of the crowned houſe
The Erle of March ſyr Edmund Mortymer,
And in a dungeon kept hym pryſoner,

Then al the marches longyng vnto Wales
By Syberne weſt I did inuade and burne:
Deſtroyed the townes in mountaynes and in dales,
And riche in ſpoyles did homward ſafe retourne:
Was none ſo bold durſt once agaynſt me ſpurne,
Thus proſperouſly doth Fortune forward call
Thoſe whom ſhe mindes to geue the forreſt fall.

Whan fame had brought theſe tidinges to the king
(Although the Skots than vexed him ryght ſore)
A myghty army agaynſt me he dyd bryng:
Wherof the French kyng beyng warned afore,
Who mortall hate agaynſt kyng Henry bore,
To greve our foe he quyckely to me ſent
Twelue thouſand Frenchmen armed to war, & bent.

A part of them led by the Erle of Marche
Lord Iames of Burbon, a valiaunt tryed knyght
Withheld by winds to Wales ward forth to marche,
Tooke lande at Plymmouth pryuily on a nyght:
And when he had done al he durſt or myght,
After that a mayny of his men were ſlayne
He ſtole to ſhyp, and ſayled home agayne.

Twelue

Twelue thousand moe in Wylsord dyd aryue,
And came to me, then lying at Denbygh
With armed Welshmen thousandes double fiue:
With whom we went to wurcester well nigh,
And there encampte vs on a mount on high,
To abide the kyng, who shortly after came
And pitched his feild, on a Hyll hard by the same.

Ther eyght dayes long, our hostes lay face to face,
And neyther durst the others power assayle:
But they so stopt the passages the space
That vitayles coulde not cum to our auayle,
Wherthrough constrayned our hartes began to fayle
So that the Frenchmen shrancke away by night,
And I with mine to the mountaynes toke our flight:

The king pursued vs, greatly to his cost,
From Hyls to wuds, fro wuds to baleyes playne:
And by the way his men and stuf he lost,
And whan he see he gayned nought saue payne,
He blewe retreat, and got him home agayne:
Then with my power I boldly came abrode
Taken in my cuntrey for a very God.

Immediatly after fell a Joly Jarre
Betwene the king, and Percies worthy bluds,
Which grew at last vnto a deadly warre:
For like as drops engendre mighty fluds,
And litle seedes sprut furth great leaues and buds,
Euen so small strifes, if they be suffred run
Brede wrath and war, and death or they be don.

The

The kyng would haue the raunſum of ſuch Scots
As theſe the Percyes had tane in the feeld:
But ſee how ſtrongly Luker knits her knottes,
The king will haue, the Percies wil not yeeld,
Deſire of goodes ſoone craues, but graunteth ſeeld:
Oh curſed goodes deſire of you hath wrought
All wyckednes, that hath or can be thought.

The Percies deemed it meter for the king
To haue redeemed theyr coſin Mortymer,
Who in his quarel all his power did bryng
To fight with me, that tooke him priſoner
Than of their pray to rob his Souldier:
And therfore willed him ſee ſum mean wer found,
To quit furth him whom I kept bily bound.

Becauſe the king miſliked their requeſt,
They came them ſelves and did accord with me,
Complayning how the kyngdome was oppreſt,
By Henries rule, wherfore we dyd agre
To put him downe, and part the realme in three:
The North part theirs, Wales wholy to be mine
The reſt to reſt to therle of Marches line.

And for to ſet vs hereon more agog
A prophet came (a vengeaunce take them all)
Affirming Henry to be Gogmagog
Whom Merlyn doth a Mouldwarp euer call,
Accurſt of god, that muſt be brought in thrall
By a wulf, a Dragon, and a Lyon ſtrong,
Which ſhould deuide his kingdome them among.

This

This crafty dreamer made vs thre such beastes
To thinke we were these forefayd beastes in deede:
And for that cause our badges and our creastes
We searched out, whych scarcely wel agreed:
Howbeit the Harioldes redy at such a neede,
Drew downe such issues from olde auncestours,
As proued these ensignes to be surely oures.

Ye crafty Welshemen, wherfore do you mocke
The noble men thus with your fayned rymes:
Ye noble men why flye you not the flocke
Of such as haue seduced so many times:
False Prophesies are plages for divers crymes
Whych god doth let the diuelish sorte devise
To trouble such as are not godly wyse.

And that appered by vs thre beastes in deede,
Through false perswasion highly borne in hand
That in our feat we could not chuse but spede
To kyll the kyng, and to enioye his land:
For which exployt we bound our selues in band
To stand contented ech man with his part,
So fully folly assured our folysh hart.

But such they say as fysh before the net
Shal seldome surfyt of the pray they take,
Of thinges to cum the haps be so vnset
That none but fooles may warrãt of them make:
The full assured, succes doth oft forsake,
For Fortune findeth none so fyt to flout,
As surelyby lots whych cast no kinde of doute.

How

How ſayeſt thou Henry Hotſpur, do I lye?
For thou right manly gaueſt the king a feeld,
And there was ſlayn becauſe thou wouldeſt not fly:
Sir Thomas Percie thine vncle (forſt to yeeld)
Did caſt his head (a wunder ſeen but ſeeld)
From Shrewſbury town to the top of Londō bridge.
Lo thus fond hope did theyr both liues abridge.

Whan Henry king this victory had wunne,
Deſtroyed the Percies, put their power to flyght,
He did appoynt prince Henry his eldeſt ſunne
With all his power to meete me if he might:
But I diſcumfit through my partners fight
Had not the hart to mete him face to face,
But fled away, and he purſued the chaſe.

Now Baldwin marke, for I cald prince of Wales,
And made beleue I ſhould be he in dede,
Was made to flye among the hilles and dales,
Where al my men forſooke me at my nede.
Who truſteth loyterers ſeeld hath lucky ſpede:
And whan the captaynes corage doth him fayle
His ſouldiers hartes a litle thing may quayle.

And ſo prince Henry chaſed me, that loe
I found no place wherin I might abide:
For as the dogges purſue the ſelly doe,
The brach behind the houndes on euery ſide,
So traſte they me among the mountaynes wide:
Wherby I found I was the harties hare
And not the beaſt Colyzophete did declare.

And at the laſt: like as the litle roche,
Muſt eyther be eat, or leape vpon the ſhore
When as the hungry pickrel doth approch,
And there find death which it eſkapte before:
So double death aſſaulted me ſo ſore
That eyther I muſt vnto my enmy yeeld,
Or ſtarue for hunger in the barayne feeld.

Here ſhame and payne a whyle were at a ſtrife,
Payne prayed me yeeld, ſhame bad me rather laſt:
The one bad ſpare, the other ſpend my life,
But ſhame (ſhame haue it) ouercam at laſt.
Than hunger gnew, that doth the ſtone wall braſt
And made me eat both gravell, durt and mud,
And laſt of all, my dung, my fleſhe, and blud.

This was mine ende to horrible to heare,
Yet good ynough for a life that was ſo yll.
Wherby (O Baldwin) warne all men to beare
Theyr youth ſuch loue, to bring them vp in ſkill.
Vyd Princes flye Calprophetes lying byll:
And not preſume to clime aboue their ſtates,
For they be haulters that foyle men, not their fates.

When ſtarued Owen had ended his hungry exhortacion, it was well inough liked. Howbeit one found a dout worth the moving, that concerning this title, erle of March: for as it appereth, there wer .iii. men of .iii diuers nacions together in one time entitled by that honour: Fyrſt ſir Edmund Mortimer, whom Owen

wen kept in priſon, an Engliſhmã: the ſecond the lord George of Dunbar a valiante Scot, baniſhed out of his countrey, & well eſtemed of Henry the fowerth: the third lord James of Burbon a frenchman, ſent by the french king to helpe Owen Glendour. Theſe thre men had this title all at once, which cauſed hun to aſke how it was true that euery one of theſe could be Earle of Marche: Wherto was aunſwered, that euery countrey hath Marches belonging vnto them, and thoſe ſo large, that they were Earledomes, & the lordes therof intituled therby, ſo that Lord Edmund Mortimer was Earle of Marche in Englande, lord James of Burbon of the marches of Fraunce, and Lord George of Dunbar erle of the marches in Scotland. For otherwiſe nether could haue intereſt in others title. Thys doubt thus diſſolued mayſter Ferrers ſayde: If no man haue affeccion to the Percies, let vs pas the times both of Henry the fowerth & the fifte, and cum to Henrye the fyxte: in whoſe time fortune (as ſhe doth in the minoritie of princes) bare a great ſtroke among the nobles. And yet in Hẽry the fourths time are exãples which I would wiſh Baldvvin that you ſhould not forget, as the conſpiracie made by the biſhop of Yorke, and the lorde Mowbray ſonne of him whom you late treated of: prycked forward by the earle of Northumberland, father to ſir Henry Hotſpur, who fled him ſelfe, but his partners were apprehen-

ded and put to death, with Baynton and Blunkinsops, which could not see theyr duty to theyr King, but tooke part with Percy that banished Rebell. As he was proceding, he was desired to stay by one whych had pondered the story of the Percies, who briefly sayd. To thende Baldvvin that you may know what to say of the Percyes, whose story is not all out of my memory, (and it is a notable story) I wyll take vpon me the person of lord Henry earle of Northumberland, father of Henrye Hotspur, in whose behalfe thys may be sayd.

Hovv Henry Percy Earle of Northhumberland, vvas for his couetous and trayterous attempt put to death at Yorke.

DOzall Henee true find I thy ſaying,
That neyther kinsfolke, ryches, ſtrength, or fauour
Are free from Fortune, but are ay decaying:
No worldly welth is ought ſaue doubtful labour,
Mans life in earth is like vnto a tabour:
Which now to mirth doth mildly men prouoke
And ſtrayt to war, with a more ſturdy ſtroke.

All this full true I Percy find by proofe,
Which whilom was erle of Northumberland:
And therfore Baldwin for my Piers behoof
To note mens falles ſith thou haſt tane in hand,
I would thou ſhouldeſt my ſtate well vnderſtand:
For fewe kinges were more then I redouted,
Through double Fortune lyfted vp and louted.

As for my kinne their noblenes is knowen,
My valiauntiſe were folly for to prayſe,
Wherthrough the Scottes ſo oft were ouerthrowen
That who but I was doubted in my dayes:
And that kyng Rychard found at all aſſayes,
For neuer Scottes rebelled in his rayne
But through my force were eyther caught or ſlayne.

A brother I had was Erle of Worcester
Alwayes in fauour and office with the king,
And by my wife Dame Elinor Mortimer,
I had a son which to the Scottes did sting,
That being yong, and but a very spring
Syr Henry Hotspur they gaue him to name,
And though I say it, he did deserue the same.

We thre tryumphed in king Richards time,
Til Fortune ought both him and vs a spite:
But chiefly me, whom clere from any crime,
My king did banish from his fabour quite,
And openly proclaymed trayterous knight:
Wherethrough false flaunder forced me to be
That which before I did most deadly flee.

Let men beware how they true folke defame,
Or threaten on them the blame of vices nought,
For infamy breedeth wrath, wreke foloweth shame:
Eke open flaunder, oftentimes hath brought
That to effect, that erst was neuer thought:
To be misdemed men suffer in a sort,
But none can beare the griefe of misreport.

Because my king did shame me wrongfully,
I hated him, and in dede became his foe:
And while he did at war in Ireland lye,
I did conspire to turne his weale to woe:
And through the duke of Yorke and other moe,
All royall power from him we quickely tooke
And gaue the same to Henry Bolenbroke.

Ney-

Neyther dyd we this alonely for this cauſe,
But to ſay truth,force draue vs to the ſame:
For he diſpiſing god and all good lawes
Slew whom he would, made ſinne a very game.
And ſeing neither age nor counſayle could him tame,
We thought it wel done for the kingdomes ſake,
To leaue his rule that did al rule forſake.

But whan ſir Henry had attaynde his place,
He ſtrayt became in all poyntes wurſe than he:
Deſtroyed the piers,e ſtewe kyng Richards grace,
Agaynſt his othe made to the lordes and me:
And ſeking quarelles how to diſagre,
He ſhamelelly required me and my ſonne
To yeld him Scottes which we in field had wunne.

My Nephew alſo Edmund Mortymer
The very heyre apparaunt to the Crowne,
Whom Owen Glendour held as priſoner,
Vilely bound, in dungeon depe caſt downe,
He would not raunſum:but did felly frowne
Agaynſt my brother and me that for him ſpake,
And him proclaymed traytour for our ſake.

This fowle deſpite did cauſe vs to conſpire
To put him downe as we did Richard erſt,
And that we might this matter ſet on fyre
From Owens tayle,our coſin we remerſt,
And vnto Glendour all our griefes reherſt,
Who made a bonde with Mortymer and me,
To prynce the king,and part the realme in thre.

But

But whan king Henry heard of this deuise
Toward Owen Glendour he sped him very quyck
Mynding by force to stop our enterprise:
And as the deuell would, then fell I sick,
Howbeit my brother, e sonne, more politike
Than prosperous, with an oast fro Scotlād brought,
Encountred him at Shrewsbury, wher they fought.

The one was tane and kild, the other slayne,
And shortly after was Owen put to flight:
By meanes wherof I forced was to fayne,
That I knew nothing of the former fight.
Fraude oft avayles more than doth sturdy might:
For by my fayning I brought him in belief
I knew not that wherin my part was chief.

And while the king thus tooke me for his frend
I sought all meanes my former wrong to wreake,
Which that I might bring to the sooner ende
To the bishop of Yorke I did the matter breake,
And to Therle Marshall likewise did I speake,
Whose father was through Henries cause cryed
The bishops brother with trayterous death defiled.

These frayt assented to do what they could,
So did lorde Hastinges and lord Fauconbridge:
Which altogether promised they would
Set all their power the kinges dayes to abridge.
But se the spite, before the brydes wer fridge
The king had wood, and seysoned on the nest
Wherby alas my frendes wer al oppressed.

The

The bloudy tyrant brought them all to ende
Excepted me, which into Scotland ſkapte
To George of Dunbar therle of Marche, my frend,
Who in my cauſe al that he could ey ſkrapte:
And when I had for greater ſuccour gapte
Both at the Frenchman and the Flemminges hand,
And could get none, I toke ſuch as I fand.

And with the helpe of George my very frend,
I did invade Northumberlande ful bold,
Whereas the folke drew to me ſtil vnend,
Went to the death my party to vphold:
Through helpe of theſe ful many a fort and hold,
The which the king right manfully had mand,
I eaſely wunne, and ſeyſed in my hand

Not ſo content (for vengeaunce drabe me on)
I entred Yorkeſhire there to waſte and ſpoyle,
But ere I had far in the countrey gon
The ſhirif therof, Rafe Rekeſby did aſſoyle
My troubled hooſt of much part of our toyle,
For he aſſauting freſhly, tooke through power
Me and lord Bardolph both at Bramham moore.

And thence conueyed vs to the towne of Yorke
Until he knew, what was the kinges entent:
There loe Lord Bardolf kinder than the Storke,
Did loſe his head, which was to London ſent,
With whom for frendſhippe mine in like caſe went.
This was my hap, my fortune, or my faute,
This life I led, and thus I came to naught.

Wherfore good Baldwin wil the pyers take hede
Of slaunder, malyce, and conspiracy,
Of couetise, whence al the rest procede:
For couetise ioynt with contumacy,
Doth cause all mischief in mens hartes to brede.
Ad therfore this to Esperance, my ward.
Who causeth bloudshed shall not skape the sword.

By that this was ended, I had found out
B the storie of Richard earle of Cambridge:
and because it conteyned matter in it,
though not very notable, yet for the better vnder
standing of the rest, I thought it mete to touche
it, and therfore sayd as followeth. You haue sayd
wel of the Percies and fauourably. For in dede
as it should appere, the chyefe cause of theyr con-
spiracie agaynst kyng Henry, was for Edmund
Mortimer theyr cosins sake, whom the king ve-
ry maliciously proclaymed to haue yelded hym
selfe to Owen colourably, whan as in deede he
was take forcibly against his wil, & very cruelly
ordered in prison. And seing we are in hād with
Mortimers matter, I wyll take vppon me the
person of Richard Plantagenet Earle of Cam-
bridge, who for his sake likewise died. And ther-
fore I let passe Edmund Holland erle of Kent,
whom Henry the fowerth made Admirall to
skoure the Seas, because the Buttons were a-
brode: whiche Earle (as many thynges happen
in warre) was slayne with an arrowe at the as-
sault

ſaulte of Briake: ſhortly after whoſe death thys king dyed, and his ſonne Henry, the fyft of that name, ſucceded in his place. In the beginning of this Henry the fyfts rayne, dyed this Rychard, and with hun Henry the lord Scrope & others, in whoſe behalfe this may be ſayd.

A Myrrour

Hovv Richard erle of Cambridge entending the kinges destruction vvas put to death at Southhampton.

HAst maketh waste, hath commonly ben sayd,
And secrete mischiefe seeld hath lucky spede:
A murdering mind with proper peyze is wayd,
Al this is true, I find it in my Crede.
And therfore Baldwin warne all states take hede,
How they conspire any other to betrappe,
Least mischiefe meant light in the miners lappe.

For Lord Richard, heyre Plantagenet
Was Erle of Cambridge, and right fortunate,
If I had had the grace my wit to set
To have content me with mine owne estate:
But o false honours, breders of debate,
The love of you our lewde hartes doth allure
To lese our selues by seking you vnsure.

Because my brother Edmund Mortimer,
Whose eldest sister was my wedded wife,
I meane that Edmund that was prisoner
In Wales so long, through Owens busy strife,
Because I say, that after Edmondes life,
His rightes and titles must by law be mine,
(For he ne had, nor could encreale his line)

Because

Because the right of realme & crowne was ours,
I serched meanes to helpe him therunto.
And where the Henries held it by their powers
I sought a shift their tenures to undo,
Which being force, sith force or slept must do,
I voyde of might, because their power was strong
Set privy slepte agaynst theyr open wrong.

But sith the deathes of most part of my kinne
Did dash my hope, throughout the fathers dayes
I let it slip, and thought it best beginne
When as the sonne should dred lest such assayes:
For force through spede, sleyght speedeth through delayes
And seeld doth treason time so fitly find
As when al dangers most be out of minde.

Wherfore while Henry of that name the fifte,
Prepared his army to go conquer Fraunce,
Lord Hastinges and I thought to attempt a drifte
To put him downe my brother to avaunce:
But were it gods will, my luck, or his good chaunce,
The king wist wholy wherabout we went,
The night before the king to shipward bent.

Then were we strayt as traytours apprehended,
Our purpose spied, the cause therof was hid,
And therfore loe a false cause we pretended
Wherthrough my brother was fro daunger ryd:
We sayd for hier of the French kinges coyne, we did
Behight to kil the king: and thus with shame
We stayned our selves, to save our frend fro blame.

When we had thus confest so foule a treason,
That we deserved, we suffred by the lawe.
Se Baldwin see, and note (as it is reason)
How wicked dedes to wofull endes do drawe.
All force doth fayle, no crafte is worth a straw,
To attayne thinges lost, and therfore let them go,
For might ruleth right, and will though God say no.

When stout Richarde had stoutly sayd his mind, belike ye one, this Rychard was but a litle man, or els litle fauoured of wryters, for our Cronicles speake very litle of him. But seyng we be cum now to king Henries viage into Fraunce, we can not lack valyant men to speake of: for among so many as were led and sent by the kyng out of thys realme thyther, it can not be chosen but sum, and that a great summe, were layne among theym: wherfore to speake of them all, I thynke not nedefull. And therfore to let passe Edwarde Duke of Yorke, and the Earle of Suffolke slayne both at the battayle of Agine courte, as were also many other, Let vs ende the tune of Henry the fyfth, and cum to hys sunne Henry the fyrst: whose nonage brought Fraunce and Normandy out of bondage, and was cause that fewe of our noble men died aged. Of whom to let passe the numbre, I wyll take vppon me

me the perſon of Thomas Mountague earle of Salyſburye, whoſe name was not ſo good at home (and yet he was called the good erle) as it was dreadful abrode: who exclaming vpon the mutability of fortune, iuſtly may ſay thus.

A Myrrour

Hovv Thomas Montague the earle of Salysbury in the middes of his glory, vvas chaunceably slayne vvith a piece of ordinaunce.

WHat fooles be we to trust vnto our strength,
Our wit, our courage, or our noble fame,
Which time it selfe must nedes devour at length
Though froward Fortune could not foyle the same.
But sring this Goddes giveth al the game,
Which still to chaunge doth set her onely lust,
Why toyle we so for thinges so hard to trust.

A goodly thing is surely good reporte,
Which noble hartes, do seke by course of kinde,
But seen the date so doubtful and so shorte,
The wayes so rough wherby we do it find:
I can not chuse but prayse the princely minde
That preaseth for it, though we find oppresst
By soule defame those that deserve it best.

Concerning whom marke Baldwin what I say,
I meane the vertuous kindred of their brute,
Among which number reken wel I may
My valiaunt father John lord Montacute,
Who lost his life (I judge) in iust pursute:
I say the cause and not the casual spede,
Is to be waged in euery kinde of dede.

This

This rule obſerued, how many ſhall we find
For vertues ſake with infamy oppreſt?
How many agayn through helpe of fortune blind,
For yll attemptes atchiued, with honour bleſt?
Succes is wurſt oftetimes whan cauſe is beſt,
Therfore ſay I: god ſend them ſory happes,
That iudge the cauſes by their after clappes.

The ende in dede, is iudge of euery thing,
Which is the cauſe, or latter poynt of time:
The firſt true verdyct at the firſt may bryng,
The laſt is ſlow, or ſlipper as the ſlime,
Oft chaunging names of innocence and crime.
Duke Thomas death was Juſtice two yeres long,
And euer ſence fore tiranny and wrong.

Wherfore I pray the Baldwin waye the cauſe,
And prayſe my father as he doth deſerue:
Becauſe erle Henry, king agaynſt all lawes,
Endeuoured king Richard for to ſtarue
In iayle, wherby the regal crowne might ſwarue
Out of the line to which it than was due,
(Wherby God knowes what euil might enſue)

My lord John Holland duke of Exceſter,
Which was dere coſin to this wretched king,
Did mooue my father, and the erle of Gloceſter,
With other lordes to ponder well the thyng:
Who ſeing the miſchiefe that began to ſpring,
Did all conſent, this Henry to depoſe,
And to reſtore kyng Richard to the roſe.

And while they did deuise a pretty trayne
Wherby to bring their purpose better about,
Which was in maske, this Henry to haue slayne
The duke of Awmerle blew their counsayle out,
Yet was their purpose good there is no doubt.
What cause can be more worthy for a knight,
Than saue his king, and helpe true heires to right?

For this with them my father was destroyed,
And buryed in the dounghil of defame.
Thus euil chaunce theyr glory did anoyde,
Whereas their cause doth clayme eternal fame,
Whan dedes therfore vnluckely do frame,
Men ought not iudge the authours to be naught,
For right through might is often ouerraught.

And God doth suffer that it should be so,
But why, my wit is feble to decise,
Except it be to heape vp wrath and wo
Upon their heades that iniuries deuise,
The cause why mischiefes many times arise,
And light on them that wold menes wronges redresse,
Is for the rancour that they beare, I gesse.

God hateth rigour though it furder right,
For sinne is sinne, how euer it be vsed:
And therfore suffereth shame and death to light,
To punish vice, though it be wel abused.
Who furdereth right is not therby excused,
If through the same he do sum other wrong:
To euery vice due guerdon doth belong.

What

What preach I now, I am a man of warre,
And that my body (I dare ſay) doth profeſſe,
Of cured wounds beſet with many a ſkarre,
My broken Iaw vnheald can ſay no leſſe.
O Fortune, Fortune, cauſe of all diſtreſſe
My father had great cauſe thy fraude to curſſe,
But much more I, abuſed ten times wurſſe.

Thou neuer flatteredſt him in all his life,
But me thou dandledſt like thy darling deare:
Thy giftes I found in euery corner rife,
Where euer I went, I met thy ſmyling cheare:
Which was not for a day, or for a yeare,
But through the rayne of thre right worthy kynges,
I found the forward in al kind of thinges.

The while king Henry conquered in Fraunce
I ſued the warres, and ſtill found victory,
In all aſſaultes ſo happy was my chaunce,
Holdes yelde or wunne did make my enmies ſory:
Dame Prudence eke augmented ſo my glory,
That in all treaties euer I was one
When weyghty matters were agreed vpon.

But when this king this mighty conquerour,
Through death vnripe, was both his realmes bereft,
His ſely infant did receyue his power,
Pore litle babe ful yong in cradell left,
Where crowne and Scepter hurt him with the heft:
Whoſe worthy vncles had the gouernaunce,
The one at home, the other abrode in Fraunce.

And I which was in peace and war wel skilled,
With both these rulers greatly was esteemed:
Bare rule at home as often as they willed,
And fought in Fraunce whan thei it nedeful demed.
And every where so good my seruice semed,
That Englishmen to me great loue did beare,
Our foes the French, my force fulfilled with feare.

I alwayes thought it fitly for a prince,
And such as haue the regiment of realmes,
His subiectes hartes with mildnes to conuince,
Wyth iustice myxt, auoyding all extremes.
For like as Phebus with his chearfull beames,
Doth freshly force the fragrant flowres to florish,
So rulers mildnes subiectes loue doth norish.

This found I true: for through my mild behauour
Their hartes I had with me to liue and dye:
And in their speache for to declare their fauour,
They called me styll good earle of Salisbury,
The lordes confest the commons did not lye.
For vertuous life, fre hart, and lowly mind,
With high and low shal alwayes fauour find.

Which vertues chief becum a man of war,
Wherof in Fraunce I founde experyence,
For in assaultes due mildnes passeth farre
Al rigour, force, and sturdy violence:
For men wil stoutly sticke to their defence
When cruel captaynes covet them to spoyle,
And so enforst, oft geue their foes the foyle.

But

But when they know they ſhall be frendly vſed,
They hazard not their heades, but rather yelde,
For this, my offers neuer were refuſed
Of any towne, or ſurely very feelde:
But force and furies fyt be for the feelde.
And there in dede I vſed ſo the ſame,
My foes would fye if they had heard my name.

For whan lord Steward and erle Tantadore,
Had cruelly beſieged Crauant towne,
Which we had wunne, and kept long time before,
Which lieth in Awrer on the riuer Yonne,
To rayſe the ſiege the Regent ſent me downe:
Where as I vſed all rigour that I might,
I killed all, that were not ſaued by flight.

When the erle of Bedford then in Fraunce lord re-
knew in what ſort I had remoued the ſyege, (gent,
In Bry and Champayne he made me vice gerent,
And Lieutenaunt for him and for my Lyege:
Which cauſed me go to Bry, and ther beſyege
Mountaguillon, with twenty wekes aſſaut,
Which at the laſt was yelded me for naught.

And for the duke of Britayns brother, Arthur,
Both erle of Richmonde and of Yvery,
Againſt his othe from vs had made departure,
To Charles the Dolphin, our chief enemy,
I with the regent went to Normandy,
To take his towne of Yvery, which of ſpight
Did to vs dayly al the harme they might.

They at the first compounded by a day
To yeeld, if rescues did not cum before.
And whiles in hope to fight, we at it lay,
The Dolphin gathered men two thousand store,
With erles, lordes, and captaynes soly store:
Of which the duke of Alanson was gide,
And sent them downe to see if we would bide.

But they left vs and downe to Vernoile went,
And made their vaunt they had our army slayne,
And through that lye, that towne from vs they hent,
Which shortly after turned to their payne:
For there both armies met vpon the plaine,
And we.viii.M. whom they slew, not fewe before,
Did kil of them, ten thousand men and more.

When we had taken Vernoile thus againe,
To driue the Dolphin vtterly out of Fraunce,
The Regent sent me to Anjowe and to Mayne,
Wher I besieged the warlik towne of Mawns:
Ther lord of Topfers Baldwins valiaunce
Did well appere, which wold not yeeld the towne,
Till all the towres & walles wer battred downe.

But here now Baldwin take it in good part,
Though that I brought this Baldwin ther to yeeld:
The Lion scarce for all his noble hart,
Being obermatched, is forst to flye the feeld.
If Mars him selfe had there ben with his sheeld,
And in my armes had stoutly me withstoode,
He should haue yeeld, or els haue shed my bloode.

This

Th's wurthy knight both hardy, ſtout, and wiſe,
Wrought well his ſcate: as time and place require,
Whan fortune fayles, it is the beſt advice
To ſtrike the ſayle, leaſt al lie in the mire.
This habe I ſayd to them thou take no yre,
For though no cauſe be found, ſo nature frames,
Men haue a zeale to ſuch as beare their names.

But to returne, in Payne wan I at length,
Such towns & fortes as might either helpe or hurt,
I manned Mayon & Suzans townes of ſtrength,
Fort Barnarde, Thanceaur, & S. Cales the curt,
With Liſle ſues Bolcon, ſtanding in the durt:
Eke Gwerland, Suſze, Loupeland and Mountſure,
With Paltcorne, theſe wan I and kept full ſure.

Beſides al this, I tooke nere forty holdes,
But thoſe I razed eben with the grounde.
And for theſe dedes, as ſely ſhepe in foldes
Do ſhrinke for feare at every litle ſound,
So fled my foes before my face ful round:
Was none ſo hardy durſt abide the fight,
So Mars and Fortune furdered me their knight.

I tel no lye, ſo gaſtful grewe my name,
That it alone diſcomfited an hoſt:
The Scots and Frenchmen wil confeſſe the ſame,
Els wil the towne which they like cowardes loſt.
For whan they lieged Bewzon with great boſt,
Being fourty. M. Britayns, French, and Scottes,
Fiue hundzed men did banquiſh them like ſottes.

For

For while the Frenchmen did assault them still,
Our Englishmen came boldly forth at night,
Crying sainct George, Salisbury, kil, kil, kil,
And offred freshly with their foes to fight,
And they as frenchly tooke them selves to flight,
Supposing surely that I had ben there.
See how my name did put them all in feare.

Thus was the Dolphins power discomfited,
Fower. M. slayne, their campe tane as it stoode,
Wherby our towne and souldiers profited,
For there were vitayles plentifull and good:
This while was I in England by the rood
To appease a strife that was right foule befall,
Betwene Duke Humfrey and the Cardinall.

The Duke of Exceter shortly after died,
Which of the king at home had gouernaunce,
Whose roume the earle of Warwike then supplied,
And I tooke his, and sped me into Fraunce.
And hauing a zeale to conquer Dalyaunce,
With much ado I gat the regentes ayde,
And marched thither and siege about it layde.

But in the way I tooke the towne of Payn,
Wher murdred wer for stoutnes many a man:
But Baugency I tooke with litle payne,
For whiche to shew them fauour I began:
This caused the townes of Mewne and Jargeman,
That stoode on Loyer, to profer me the keyes,
Ere I came nere them, welny by two dayes.

See

See here how Fortune forward can allure,
What baytes she layeth to bring men to their endes.
Who having hap like this, but would hope sure
To bring to bale what euer he entendes?
But soone is sowre the sweete that Fortune sendes:
When hope and hap, when helth and welth is hyest,
Than wo and wracke, deseate, and nede be nyest.

For while I, suing this so good succesſe,
Layd siege to Orlyannce on the river syde,
The Bastard (Cuckold Salwnyes sonne I gesse,
Who thought the dukes) who had the towne in gide,
Came scarcely forth, when he his time espide,
To raise the siege, but was beat backe agayne,
And hard pursued both to his losse and payne.

For there we wan the bulwarke on the bridge
With a mighty tower standing fast therby.
Ah cursed tower that didst my dayes abridge,
Would god thou hadst bene furder, eyther I.
For in this tower a chamber standes on hie,
From which a man may view through al the towne
By certayne windowes yron grated downe.

Where on a day (now Baldwin note mine ende)
I stoode in bewing where the towne was weake,
And as I busily talked with my frend,
Shot fro the towne, which al the grate did breake,
A pellet came, and drove a mighty steake,
Agaynst my face, and tare away my cheeke,
For payne wherof I dyed within a wecke.

See Baldwin see the vncertaynty of glory,
How sodayne mischief dasheth all to dust.
And warne all princes by my broken story,
The happiest Fortune chiefly to mistrust.
Was neuer man that alway had his luck.
Than such be fooles, in fancy more then mad,
Which hope to haue that neuer any had.

THis straunge aduenture of the good erle drave vs al into a dumpne, inwardly lamenting his wofull destynye, out of which we wer awaked after this sort.

To what ende (q̄ one) muse we so much on this matter. This Earle is neyther the first nor the last whom Fortune hath foundered in the heyth of their prosperitye. For all throughe the raine of this vnfortunate kyng Henry, we shall find many whych haue bene likewise serued, whose chaunces sith they be martial, and therfore honorable, may the better be omitted: And therfore we wil let go the lordes Molines and Poyninges, slayne both at the siege of Orleans shortly after the death of this earle. Also the valiaunt earle of Arundle destroyed with a bowlet at the assault of Gerbory, whose storyes nevertheles are worth the hearyng. And to quicken vp your spirites, I wil take vpon me a tragicall person in deede, I meane kyng Jamy slayne by his seruauntes in his preuy chamber, who although he be a Skot, yet seing he was

brought

brought vp in Englande where he learned the language, hys example also so notable, it were not meete he shoulde be forgotten.
And therfore marke Baldwin what I thinke he may say.

A Myrrour

Hovv king Iames the first for breaking his othes and bondes, vvas by gods suffrauns miserably murdred of his ovvne subiectes.

If for examples sake thou write thy booke,
I charge the Baldwin thou forget me not:
Whom Fortune alwayes frowardly forsooke,
Such was my lucke, my merite, or my lot.
I am that Iames king Roberts sonne the Shot,
That was in England prisoner all his youth,
Through mine vncle Walters trayterous vntruth.

For whan my father through disease and age,
Unwieldy was to gouerne well his land,
Because his brother Walter semed sage,
He put the rule therof into his hand.
Than had my father you shall vnderstand
Of lawfull barnes, me, and one only other,
Nempt Dauy Rothsay, who was mine elder brother

This Dauy was prince of Scotland, and so take,
Till his aduoutry caused men complayne:
Which that he might by monyshment forsake,
My father prayed mine vncle take the payne
To threaten him, his vices to refrayne.
But he false traytour, butcherly murdring wretch,
To get the crowne, began to fetch a fetch.

And

And finding now a proffer to his pray,
Deuised meanes my brother to deuower,
And for that cause conuayed him day by day,
From place to place, from castell vnto tower,
To Faulkland fort, where like a tormentour
He starued him, and put to death a wife
Whom through a reede he sukt to saue his life.

O wretched death, fye cruel tiranny,
A prince in prison lost for fault of foode:
Was neuer enmy wrought such villany.
A trusted brother stroke his brothers blood
Mo wurth foe frendly, fye on double hood.
Ah wretched father, see thy sonne is lost,
Sterued by thy brother, whom thou trustedst most.

Of whom whan sum began to find the fraud,
And yet the traytor made him selfe so clere,
That he should seeme to haue deserued laud,
So wofull did he for his death appeare,
My doubtful father louing me ful deere
To auoyde all daunger that might after chaunce,
Sent me away, but nine yeres olde, to Fraunce.

But windes and wether wer so contrary,
That we wer driuen to the English coast,
Which realme with Skotland at that time did vary
So that they tooke me prisoner, not es oste:
For which my father fearing I wer lost,
Conceiued shortly such an inward thought
As to the graue immediatly him brought.

Than

Than had mine vncle all the regiment
At home, and I in England prisoner lay,
For to him selfe he thought it detryment,
For my release any raunsum for to pay,
For (as he thought) he had possest his pray:
And therfore wisht I might in durauns dure
Till I had dyed, so should his rayne be sure.

But good king Henry seing I was a child,
And heyre by ryght vnto a realme and crowne,
Dyd bring me vp, not lyke my brother, wylde
But vertuously in feates of high renowne:
In liberall artes in instrumentall sowne:
By meane wherof whan I was after king,
I did my realme to ciuil order bring.

For ere I had been prisoner eyghtene yere,
In which short space two noble princes dyed,
Wherof the first in prudence had no peere
The other in warre most valyant throwly tryed,
Whose rowme his sonne babe Henry eke supplyed
The ppers of England which did gouerne all,
Did of their goodnes helpe me out of thrall.

They maried me to a cosin of their king
The Duke of Somersets daughter rich & fayre.
Releast my raunsome saue a trifling thing:
And after I had done homage to the hayer,
And swore me frendship neuer should appayre,
They brought me kingly furnisht to my lande,
Which I receyued at mine vncles hand.

Wherof

Wherof my lordes and commons wer ful glad,
So was mine vncle chiefly (as he sayed)
Who in his mouth no other matter had,
Saue punish such as had my brother trayed.
The faut wherof apparantly he layed,
To good duke Murdo, his elder brothers sonne,
Whose father dyed long ere this dede was doen.

My cursed vncle slyer than the snake
Which would by craft vnto the crowne aspier,
Because he sawe this Murdo was a stake
That stayed vp the slop of his desier,
(For his elder brother was Duke Murdoes fier)
He thought it best to haue him made away,
So was he suer (I doen) to haue his pray.

And by his craftes the traytour brought to passe
That I destroyed Duke Murdo, and his kin
Poore innocentes, my louing frendes, alas.
O kinges and Princes what plight stand we in,
A trusted traytour shal you quickely winne
To put to death your kin and frendes most iust:
Take hede therfore, take hede whose rede ye trust.

And at the last to bring me hole in hate
With god and man, at home and eke abrode,
He counsayled me for surance of my state:
To helpe the Frenchmen, then nye oberrode
By Englishmen, and more to lay on lode,
With power and force al England to invade,
Against the othe and homage that I made.

And

And though at firſt my conſcience did grudge
To breake the bondes of frendſhip knit by oth,
Yet after proſe (ſee miſchiefe) I did iudge
It madnes for a king to kepe his troth.
And ſemblably with all the world it goth.
Sinnes ofte aſſayed are thought to be no ſinne,
So ſinne doth ſoyle, the ſoule it ſinketh in.

But as diſeaſes common cauſe of death,
Bring daunger moſt, whan leaſt they pricke & ſmart
Which is a ſigne they haue expulſt the breth
Of liuely heat which doth defende the hart:
Euen ſo ſuch ſinnes as felt are on no part
Haue conquered grace, and by their wicked bre,
So kild the ſoule that it can haue no cure.

And grace agate, vice ſtill ſucceedeth vice,
And all to haſte the vengeaunce for the furſt.
I arede therfore all people to be wiſe,
And ſtoppe the bracke whan it begins to burſt.
Attaſte no poyſon (vice is venim wurſt,
It mates the mind) beware eke of to much,
All kil through muchnes, ſum with only touche.

Whan I had learned to ſet my othe at nought,
And through much vſe the fence of ſinne cryed,
Againſt king Henry, what I could I wrought,
My fayth, my othe, vntruſtly ſoule defiled.
And while ſly Fortune at my doinges ſmiled,
The wrath of God which I had wel deſerued,
Fell on my necke, for thus loe was I ſerued.

Ere

Ere I had raygned fully fiftene yere,
While time I laye at Pertho at my place,
With the Quene my wife & children me to there,
My murdring vncle with the double face,
That longed for my kingdome and my mace,
To slay me there suborned Robert Gram,
With whom his nephew Robert Stuart cam.

And whan they time fit for their purpose found,
Into my privy chaumber they affart, (wound,
Where with their swordes they gave me many a
And slue al such as stucke vnto my parte:
There loe my wife dyd shewe her loving harte,
Who to defende me, felled one or twayne,
And was sore wounded ere I coulde be slayne.

See Baldwin Baldwin, the vnhappy endes,
Of suche as passe not for theyr lawfull oth:
Of those that causeles leave theyr fayth or frendes,
And murdre kynsfolke through their fors vnroth,
Warne, warne all princes, all lyke sinnes to loth,
And chiefely suche as in my Realme be borne,
For God hates bygbly suche as are forsworne.

When this was sayd, let King Jamy go
no & mayster Ferrers, & returne we to our
owne story, & se what broyls wer amõg
the nobility in ỹ kinges minority. How ỹ cardi-
nal Bewford maligneth the estate of good duke
Hũfrey the kinges vncle & protector of ỹ realme,
& by what drifte he first banisheth his wife frõ

And lastly howe the good duke is murderously made away through conspiracy of Quene Margaret and other: both whose tragedies I entend at leasure to declare, for they be notable. Do so I pray you (q another) But take hede ye demurre not vpon them. And I to be occupied the meane time, will shewe what I haue noted in the duke of Suffolkes dounges, one of the chiefest of duke Humfreyes destroyers, who by the prouidens of God, came shortly after in such hatred of the people, that the King hym selfe could not saue hym from a straunge and notable death, which he may lament after this maner.

Hovv Lorde VVilliam Delapole Duke of Suffolke vvas vvorthily punyſhed for abuſing his Kyng and cauſing the deſtruction of good Duke Humfrey.

HEauy is the hap wherto all men be bound,
I meane the death, which no eſtate may flye:
But to be baniſht, headed ſo, and drownd,
In ſinke of ſhame from top of honors hye,
Was neuer man ſo ſerued I thinke but I:
And therfore Baldwin fro thy graue of griefe
Reiect me not, of wretched princes chiefe.

My only life in all poyntes may ſuffiſe
To ſhewe howe baſe all baytes of Fortune be,
Which thaw like yſe, through heate of enuies eyes:
Or vicious dedes which much poſſeſſed me.
Good hap with vices can not long agree,
Which bring beſt fortunes to the baſeſt fall,
And happieſt hap to enuy to be thrall.

I am the prince duke William De la Poole
That was ſo famous in Quene Margets dayes.
That found the meane Duke Humfreyes blud to
whoſe vertuous paynes deſerue eternal prayſe (coole
Wherby I note that Fortune can not raiſe,
Any one aloft without ſum others wracke:
Fluds drowne no fieldes before they find a bracke.

But as the waters which do breake their walles
Do loose the course they had within the shore,
And dayly rotting stinke within their stalles
For fault of mouing which they found before:
Euen so the state that ouer high is bore
Doth loose the lyfe of peoples loue it had,
And rots it selfe vntil it fall to bad.

For while I was but Erle, euche man was glad
To say and do the best by me they might:
And Fortune euer since I was a lad
Did smile vpon me with a chereful sight,
For whan my kyng had doubed me a knight
And sent me furth to serue at warre in Fraunce,
My lucky spede mine honor dyd enhaunce.

Where to omit the many feites I wrought
Under others gyde, I do remember one
Which with my souldyers valiantly was fought
None other captayne saue my selfe alone,
I meane not now the appryze of Pucel Zone
In which attempte my trauayle was not smal,
Though the Duke of Burgoyn had the prayse of al.

But the siege of Awmarle is the feate I prayse
A strong built towne, with castes, walles, & vaultes,
With men and weapon armed at al assayes:
To which I gaue nie fiue times fiue assaultes,
Tyl at the last they yelded it for naughtes.
Yet Lord Rambures like a valiaunt knight
Defended it as long as euer he might.

But

But what prevayled it these townes to winne
Which shortly after must be lost againe,
Wherby I see there is more glory in
The keping thinges than is in their attayne:
To get and kepe not is but losse of payne.
Therfore ought men prouide to saue their winnings
In al attemptes, els lose they their beginninges.

Because we could not kepe the townes we wunne
(For they were more then we might easely wyelde)
One yere vndyd what we in ten had doen:
For envy at home, and treason abrode, dyd yelde
Kyng Charles his Realme of Fraunce, made barain
For bluddy warres had wasted al encreace, (fielde,
Which causde the Pope helpe pouerty sue for peace,

So that it Tourayne at the towne of Toures
Duke Charles and other for their Prince appered,
So dyd Lord Rosse, and I than Erle, for oures:
And when we shewed wherein eche other dered,
We sought out meanes all quarels to haue clered,
Wherein the Lordes of Germany, of Spayne,
Of Hungary and Denmarke, toke treeding paine.

But sith we could no final peace in[illegible]
For neither would the others couenants heare,
For eightene monthes we dyd conclude a truce:
And while as frendes we lay together there
Because my warrant dyd me therein beare,
To make a perfite peace, and through accorde,
I sought a mariage for my soveraine Lorde.

And for the French kinges doughters wer to small
I fancied moſt dame Margarete his niece,
A lovely lady, beautifull and tall,
Fayre ſpoken, pleaſaunt, a very princely piece,
In wit and learning matcheles hence to Greece,
Duke Rayners daughter of Anjow, king by ſtile,
Of Naples, Jeruſalem, and of Scicil yle.

But ere I could the graunt of her attayne,
All that our king had of her fathers landes,
As Mauntes the citee, the county whole of Mayne,
And moſt of Anjow duchy in our handes,
I did releaſe him by aſſured bandes.
And as for dowry with her none I ſought,
I thought no peace could be to derely bought.

But whan this mariage throwly was agreed
Although my king were glad of ſuch a make,
His uncle Humfrey abhorred it in deed,
Becauſe therby his precontract he brake,
Made with the heirs of the erle of Arminake,
A noble maide with ſtore of goodes endowed,
Which more than this with loſſe, the duke allowed.

But love and beauty in the king ſo wrought
That neither profite or promiſe he regarded,
But ſet his uncles counſayle ſtill at nought:
And for my paynes I highly was rewarded.
Thus vertue ſtarves, but luſtfoode muſt be larded.
For I made Marquiſe went to Fraunce againe,
And brought this Bride unto my ſoverayne.

At

At whom because Duke Humfrey aye repined,
Calling their mariage aduowtry (as it was)
The Quene did move me, erst therto enclined,
To helpe to bring him to his Requiem masse.
Which sith it could for no crime cum to passe
His life and doinges were so right and clere,
Through privy murder we brought him to his beere

Thus righteousnes brought Humfrey to rebuke
Because he would no wickednes allowe,
But for my doinges I was made a duke
So Fortune can both bend and smothe her browe
On whom she list, not passing why nor howe.
O lord how high, how soone she did me raise,
How fast she filde me both with prayes and prayse.

The Lordes and Commons both of like assent,
Besought my soverayne, kneling on their knees,
To recorde my doinges in the parliament,
As dedes deseruing everlasting fees.
In which attempt they did no labour leese,
For they set not my prayse so fast in flame,
As he was ready to reward the same.

But note the ende, my dedes so wurthy demed
Of Kinge, of Lordes, and Commons altogether,
Wer shortly after treasons false estemed,
And al men curst Quene Margets cumming hither,
For Charles the french king, in his feates not lither
Whan he had rendred Rayner Mauntes & Mayne,
Found meane to winne all Normandy agayne.

This

This made the people curse the mariage
Eſteming it the cauſe of every loſſe:
Wherfore at me with open mouth they rage,
Affirming me to have brought the realme to moſſe:
Whan king & Quene ſawe thinges thus go a croſſe,
To quiet all a parliament they called,
And cauſed me in priſon to be thralled,

And ſhortly after brought me furth abrode.
Which made the Cõmons more than double wood:
And ſum with weapons would have layed on lode,
If their graund captaine Blewberd, in his moode,
Had not in time with wiſedome bene withſtoode.
But though that he and mo were executed
The people ſtill their wurſt againſt me bruted.

And ſo applyed the Parliament with billes,
Of haynous wronges, and open traytrous crimes,
That king & queene were forſt againſt their willes
Fro place to place to adiourne it divers times.
For princes power is like the ſandy ſlymes,
Which muſt perforce geve place vnto the wade,
Or ſue the windy ſourges whan they rade.

Their life was not more dere to them than I,
Which made them ſearch all ſhiftes to ſave me ſtill,
But aye my foes ſuch faultes did on me trye
That to preſerve me from a wurſer yll,
The king was fayne, ful fore agaynſt his will,
For five yeres ſpace to ſend me in exile,
In hope to have reſtored me in a while.

But

But markehowe vengeaunce wayteth vpon vice.
As I was ſayling toward the coaſt of Fraunce,
The Earle of Deuonſhires barke, of litle price,
Encountred me vpon the ſeas by chaunce,
Whoſe captaine tooke me by his valiaunce,
Let paſſe my ſhippes, with all the frayt and loade,
But led me with him into Dober roade.

Where whan he had recounted me my faultes,
As murdring of Duke Humfrey in his bed,
And howe I had brought all the realme to naughtes
In cauſing the King vnlawfully to wed,
There was no grace, but I muſt looſe my head.
Wherfore he made me ſhrive me in his boate,
On the edge wherof my necke in two he ſmote.

A piteous ende, and therfore Baldwin warne,
All pyers and princes to abhorre vntroth,
For vicious grayne muſt cum to fowlendes barne:
Who breeth breach of lawful bond or oth,
God wil ere long, cauſe all the worlde to loth.
Was neuer prince that other did oppreſſe
Unrighteouſly, but died in diſtreſſe.

When this was ſayd: Every man reioyced to heare of a wicked man ſo marualouſly well puniſhed: For though Fortune in many poyntes be iniurius to Princes, yet in this and ſuch lyke ſhe is moſt righteous: And only deſerueth the name of a Goddes, whan ſhe prouideth meanes to punith & diſtroye

Tyrantes. And whan we had a whyle considered the driftes of the Kyng and Quene to haue saued this Duke, and yet they could not: It is wurth the labour (sayd one) to way the workes and iudgementes of God: which seyng they are knowen most euidently by comparyng contraryes, I wyll touche the story of Jacke Kade in order next folowynge. Whome Kynge Henrye with all his puissauns was no more able for a while to destroy (yet was he his rebellious enemie) than he was to preserue the Duke of Suffolke his derest frend: by whiche two examples doeth appere howe notably God dysposeth all thinges, and that no force stretcheth farther, than it pleaseth him to suffer. For this Cade beinge but base borne, of no abilitye, and lesse power, accompanied with a few naked Kentyshmen, caused the Kynge with hys armye at all poyntes appoynted, to leaue the fyelde, and to suffer hym to doe what so euer he lusted: In whose behalfe, seynge he is one of Fortunes whelpes, I wyll trouble you a while to heare the proces of his enterprise, Which he maye declare in maner folowyng.

How Iacke Cade traiterouſly rebelling againſt his Kyng, was for his treaſons and cruell doinges worthely punyſhed.

Shal I cal it Fortune or my froward folly
That lifted me, and layed me downe belowe
Or was it courage that me made ſo Joly,
Which of the ſtarres and bodyes grement growe?
What euer it were this one poynt ſure I know,
Which ſhal be mete for euery man to marke:
Our luſt and wils our evils chefely warke,

It may be wel that planetes doe enclyne,
And our complexions move our myndes to yll,
But ſuch is Reaſon, that they bynge to fine
No worke, vnayded of our luſt and wyl:
For heauen and earth are ſubiect both to ſkyl.
The ſkyl of God ruleth al, it is ſo ſtrong,
Man may by ſkyl gyde thinges that to him long.

Though luſt be ſturdy and wyl inclined to nought,
This forſt by mixture, that by heavens courſe,
Yet through the ſkyl God hath in Reaſon wrought
And geuen man, no luſt nor wyl ſo courſe
But may be ſtayed or ſwaged of the ſourſe,
So that it ſhal in nothing force the myndc
To worke our wo, or leaue the proper kynde,

But though this skil be geven every man
To rule the wyl, and kepe the minde aloft,
For lacke of grace ful fewe vse it can,
These worldly pleasures tickle vs so oft:
Skyl is not weake, but wyl strong, flesh is soft
And yeldes it selfe to pleasure that it loueth,
And hales the mynde to that it most reproueth.

Now if this happe wherby we yelde our mynde
To lust and wyll, be fortune, as we name her,
Than is she luckily called false and blynde,
And no reproche can be to much to blame her:
Yet is the shame our owne when so we shame her,
For sure this hap if it be rightly knowen,
Cummeth of our selves, and so the blame our owne.

For who so lyeth in the schole of skyll
And medleth not with any worldes affaires,
Forsaketh pompes and honors that do spyl
The myndes recourse to Graces quiet stayers,
His state no Fortune by no meane appayers:
For Fortune is the folly and plage of those
Which to the worlde their wretched willes dispose.

Among which Fooles (Marke Baldwyn) I am one
That would not stay my selfe in mine estate.
I thought to rule, but to obey to none,
And therfore fel I with my Kyng at bate.
And to the ende I might him better mate,
John Mortimer I caused my selfe be called,
Whose kingly blood the Henries nye had thralled.

This

This shift I vsed the people to perswade
To leave their Prince, on my side more to sticke,
Wheras in deede my fathers name was Kade
Whose noble stocke was never wurth a sticke.
But touching wit I was both rype and quicke,
Had strength of lims, large stature, cumly face,
Which made men wene my lynage were not base.

And seing stoutnes stucke by men in Kent
Whose Valiaunt hartes refuse none enterprise,
With false perswasions straite to them I went,
And sayd they suffred to great iniuryes:
By meane wherof I caused them to rise,
And battayle wyse to cum to blacke heth playne
And thence their grefes vnto the Kyng complayne.

Who being deafe (as men say) on that care,
For we desired releace of subsidies,
Refused roughly our requestes to heare
And came against vs as his enemies.
But we to trap hym, sought out subtiltyes,
Removed our campe, and backe to Senocke went,
After whom the Staffordes w̃ their power wer sent.

Se here how Fortune setting vs a flote
Brought to our nettes a porcion of our pray.
For why the Staffordes with their army hote
Assayled vs at Senocke, where we laye:
From whence alive they parted not away,
Whiche whan the Kynges retinew vnderstode
They all affirmed my quarel to be good

Which caused the king, and quene whom al did hate,
To raise their campe, and sodaynly depart:
And that they might the peoples grudge abate,
To imprison sum ful sore against their hart.
Lord Sayes was one, whom I made after smart,
For after the Staffordes & their oast was slaine,
To Blackheath fyeld I marched backe againe.

And where the king would nothing heare before,
Nowe was he glad to send to know my minde:
And I therby enflamed much the more,
Refused his grauntes, so folly made me blind.
For this he flewe and left lord Skales behind,
To helpe the towne, and strengthen London tower,
Towardes which I marched forward w̄ my power.

And found there all thinges after my desier,
I entred London, did there what I list,
The Treasurer, lord Sayes, I did conspier
To have condemned: wherof whan I mist,
(For he by lawe my malice did resist)
By force I tooke him in Guyld hall fro the heape,
And headed him before the crosse in cheape.

His sonne in law, James Cromer shryve of Kent,
I caught at Myle ende, where as than he laye:
Beheaded him, and on a poale I sent
His head to London, where his fathers laye.
With these two heades I made a pyery play,
For pight on poales I bare them through the strete,
And for my sporte made ech kisse other swete.

Than

Than brake I priſons, let furth whom I woulde,
And vſed the citie as it had be mine:
Tooke fram the marchauntes, money, ware, & golde:
From ſum by force, from other ſum by fine.
This at the length did cauſe them to repine,
So that lord Shales conſenting with the mayre,
Forbad vs to their citie to repayre.

For al this while mine hoaſt in Southwarke lay,
Who whan they knewe our paſſage was denyed,
Came boldly to the bridge and made a fraye,
For in we would, the townes men vs defied:
But whan with ſtrokes we had the matter tryed,
We wan the bridge and ſet much part on fire,
This doen, to Southwarke backe we did retire.

The morowe after came the Chauncellour
With generall pardon for my men halfe gone,
Which heard and read, the reſt within an houre
Shranke all awaye, eche man to ſhift for one.
And whan I ſawe they left me poſt alone,
I did diſguiſe me like a knight of the poſt,
And into Suſſex roade away in poſte.

And there I lurked, till that curſed coyne
That reſtles begle ſought and found me out.
For frayt the king by promiſe did enioyne
A thouſand marke, to whoſoeuer mought
Appreend my coyſe: which made men ſeke about,
Among the which one Alexander Iden,
Found out the hole wherin the for was hidden.

Wuf

But ere he tooke me, I put him to his trumpes,
For yeeld I would not while my handes would holde
But hope of money made him stur his stumpes,
And to assault me valiauntly and bolde.
Two howres and more our cumbate was not colde,
Til at the last he lent me such a stroke,
That downe I fell, and neber after spoke.

Than was my carkas caried like a hog,
To Southwarke borow where it lay a night,
The nert day drawen to Newgate like a dog,
All men reioycing at the rufull sight:
Than were on poales my parboylde quarters pight,
And set aloft for bermine to deuower,
Meete graue for rebels that resist the power.

Full litell knowe we wretches what we do,
When we presume our princes to resist,
We war with God, against his glory to,
That placeth in his office whom he list,
Therfore was neber traytour yet but mist
The marke he shot, and came to shamefull ende
For neber shall til God be forst to bend.

God hath ordayned the power, all princes be
His Lieutenauntes, or debities in realmes,
Against their foes still therfore fighteth he,
And as his enmies dribes them to extremes,
Their wise deuises prove but doltish dreames,
No subiect ought for any kind of cause,
To force the lord, but yeeld him to the lawes.

And

And therefore Baldwin warne men folow reaſon
Subdue theyr wylles, and be not Fortunes ſlaues,
A troublous ende doth ever folowe treaſon,
There is no truſt in rebelles, raſkall knaues,
In Fortune leſſe, whiche worketh as the waues:
From whoſe aſſautes who lyſt to ſtande at large,
Muſt folowe ſkyll, and flye all worldly charge.

BY ſaint mary (q̄ one) yf Jacke wer as well learned, as you haue made his oracion, whatſo ever he was by byrth, I warraunt hym a gentylman by his learnyng. Howe notably and Philoſopher like hath he diſcrybed Fortune and the cauſes of worldly cumbraunce? howe vprightly alſo and howe lyke a deuine hath he determined the ſtates both of officers and Rebelles. For in dede officers be gods deputies, and it is gods office which they beare, and it is he whiche ordeyneth thereto ſuche as himſelfe lyſteth, good whan he fauoreth the people, and evyll whan he wyll punyſh theim. And therefore whoſoever rebelleth agaynſt any ruler either good or bad, rebelleth againſt GOD, and ſhalbe ſure of a wretched ende: For God can not but maintein his deputie. Yet this I note by the waye concernyng rebelles and rebellions. Although the deuyll rayſe theim, yet God alwayes vſeth them to his glory, as a parte of his Juſtice. For whan kynges and chiefe rulers, ſuffer theyr vnder officers to myſuſe theyr ſubiectes, and will

not heare nor remedye theyr peoples wronges whan they complayne, than suffereth GOD the Rebell to rage, and to execute that parte of his Justice, whiche the partyall prince woulde not. For the Lord Saies a very corrupt officer, a one whom notwithstanding the king alwaies maintenued, was destroyed by this Jacke, as was also the byshop of Salysbury (a proude and coueitous prelate) by other of the rebelles. And therefore what soeuer prince desyreth to lyue quyetlye without rebellion, must do his subiectes right in all thinges, and punyshe suche officers as greue or oppresse theim, thus shall they be sure from all rebellion. And for the clerer opening herof, it were well doen to set forth this Lord Sayes Tragedie. What neede that (or another) seyng the lyke example is seen in the duke of Suffolke, whose dounges are declared sufficiently alredy. Nay rather let vs go forward, for we haue a great mayny behynde that maye not be omytted, and the tyme as you see, passeth away. As for this Lorde Sayes whom Cade so cruelly kylled and spytefully vsed after his death (I dare say) shalbe knowen thereby what he was to all that reade or heare this storie. For God would neuer haue suffred hym to haue been so vsed, except he had fyrst deserued it. Therefore let hym go, and with hym the Bushop, and all other slaine in that rebellion: which was raysed as it may be thought, through sum dyspit of the duke of Yorke, who shortly after

began

began to endeuoure all meanes to attayne the Crowne, and therefore gathered an armye in Wales, and marched towarde London: but the kyng with his power taried and met him at S. Albones. Where whyle the king & he wer about a treatye, therle of Warwyke set vpon the kings army, and slewe the duke of Somerset, the Erle of Northumberlande, the Lorde Clyfforde, and other, and in conclusion got the victorie, and the duke was made Lord Protector. Whiche so greved the Queene and her accomplices, that pryvy grutches and open dissemblyng never ceassed tyl the duke and his allies were glad to flye the field and Realme, he into Irelande, they to Calayes, whence they came agayne, with an army, wherof the Erle of Salisburye was leader, and marched toward Coventry where ẏ king than was, and had gathered an armye to subdue them, and encountred them at Northhampton, and fought and lost the fyelde and was taken hym selfe, the duke of Buckingham, the erle of Shrewesbury, the vicounte Beaumount, the Lord Egermount, and many other of his retinue slayne. Yf no man haue any minde to any of these noble personages because they were honourably slaine in battayle, let sum man els take the Booke, for I mynde to say sumwhat of this duke of Somerset.

☞ Whyle he was deuisyng thereon, and every man seking farder notes, I looked on the Cronicles, and fynding styl fyelde vpon fyelde, & manye

noble men slayne, I purposed to haue ouerpassed all, for I was so wearye that I wared drowsye, and began in dede to slumber: but my imaginacion styll prosecutyng this tragicall matter, brought me suche a fantasy. me thought there stode before vs, a tall mans body full of fresshe woundes, but lackyng a head, holdyng by the hande a goodlye childe, whose brest was so wounded ỳ his hearte myght be seen, his louely face and eyes disfigured with dropping teares, his heare through horrour standyng vpryght, his mercy crauyng handes all to bemangled, & all his body embrued wỳ his owen bloud. And whan through the gastfulnes of this pyteous spectacle, I wared afeard, and turned awaye my face, me thought there came a shrekyng voyce out of the weasande pipe of the headles bodye, saying as foloweth.

Hovv Richard Plantagenet duke of York vvas ſlayne through his over raſh boldnes, and his ſonne the earle of Rutland for his lack of valiaunce.

TRuſt Fortune (q̃ he) in whō was neuer truſt,
O folly of men that haue no better grace,
All reſt, renowne, and dedes lie in the duſt
Of al the ſort that ſue her ſlipper trace.
What meaneſt thou Baldwin for to hide thy face?
Thou nedeſt not feare although I miſſe my head:
Nor yet to mourne, for this my ſonne is dead.

The cauſe why thus I lead him in my hand,
His ſkin with blod and teares ſo ſore beſtaynd.
Is that thou mayſt the better vnderſtand
How hardly Fortune hath for vs ordaynde:
In whom her lode and hate be hole contaynde.
For I am Richard p̃ince Plantagenet,
The duke of Yorke in royall raſe beget.

For Richarde erle of Cambridge, eldeſt ſonne
Of Edmund Langley, third ſonne of king Edward,
Engendred me of Anne, whoſe courſe did runne
Of Mortimers to be the iſſue garde:
For when her brother Edmund died a warde,
She was ſole hayer by due diſcent of line,
Wherby her rightes and titles al wer mine,

But marke me now I pray thee Baldwin marke,
And see how force oft overbeareth right:
Waye how vsurpers tyrannously warke,
To kepe by murder that they get by might,
And note what troublous daungers do alight
On such as seke to reposses their owne,
And how through rigour right is overthrowen.

The earle of Herford, Henry Bolenbrooke,
Of whom duke Mowbray tolde thee now of late,
Whan boyde of cause he had king Richard tooke:
He murdred him, vsurped his estate,
Without all right or title, saving hate
Of others rule, or love to rule alone:
These two excepted, title had he none.

The realme and crowne was Edmund Mortimers
Whose father Roger, was king Richardes hayre,
Which caused Henry and the Lancasters
To seeke all shiftes, our houshoides to appayre,
For sure he was to sit beside the chayre
Wer we of power to clayme our lawfull right,
Wherfore to strove vs he did all he might.

His cursed sunne ensued his cruel path.
And kept my giltles cosin strayt in duraunce:
For whom my father hard intreated hath.
But living hopeles of his lives assuraunce
He thought it best by politik procuraunce,
To prive the king, and so restore his frend:
Which brought him selfe to an infamous ende.

For.

For whan king Henry of that name the fift,
Had tane my father in this conſpiracy,
Be from Sir Edmund all the blame to ſhift,
Was fayne to ſay the French king, his ally,
Had hyred him this trayterous act to trye,
For which condemned, ſhortly he was ſlayne.
In helping right this was my fathers gayne.

Thus whan the linage of the Mortimers
Were made away by this vſurping line,
Sum hanged, ſum ſlayne, ſum pined priſoners:
Becauſe the crowne by right of law was mine,
They gan as faſt againſt me to repine:
In feare alwayes leaſt I ſhould ſturre them ſtrife.
For gilty hartes habe never quiet life.

Yet at the laſt in Henryes dayes the ſixt,
I was reſtored to my fathers landes,
Made duke of Yorke, wherthrough my minde I fixt,
To get the crowne and kingdome in my handes.
For ayde wherin I knit allyed bandes
With Nevels ſtocke, whoſe doughter was my make
Who for no wo would ever me forſake.

O lord what happe had I through mariage,
Fower goodly boyes in youth my wife ſhe booze.
Right valiaunt men, and prudent for their age.
Such bretherne ſhe had and nephewes ſtil in ſtore,
As none had erſt, nor any ſhal haue more:
The erle of Saliſbury, and his ſonne of Warwike,
Wer matchles men from Barbary to Barwike.

Throughe helpe of whom and Fortunes lovely looke
I undertooke to clayme my lawfull right,
And to abash such as agaynst me tooke,
I rapsed power at all poyntes prest to fight:
Of whom the chiefe that chiefly bare me spite,
Was Somerset the Duke, whom to annoy
I allway sought, throughe spite, spite to distroy.

And maugre him, so choyse loe was my chaunce,
Yea though the quene that all rulde tooke his part,
I twise bare stroke in Normandy and Fraunce,
And last lieutenant in Ireland, where my hart
Found remedy for every kind of smart.
For throughe the love my doinges there did brede,
I had their helpe at all times in my nede.

This spiteful duke, his silly king and quene,
With armed hostes I thrise met in the field,
The first unfought throughe treaty made betwene,
The second joynde, wher in the king did yeeld,
The duke was slayne, the quene enforst to shylde
Her selfe by flight. The third the quene did fight,
Where I was slaine being overmacht by might.

Before this last were other battayles three,
The first the erle of Salisbury led alone,
And fought on Blorebeth, and got the victory:
In the next was I and my kinsfolke everychone.
But seing our souldiers stale unto our foen,
We warely brake our cumpany on a night,
Dissolved our hoaste, and tooke our selues to flighte.

This

This boye and I in Ireland did vs ſave,
Mine eldeſt ſonne with Warwicke and his father,
To Caleys got, whence by the reade I gave
They came againe to London, and did gather
An other hoaſt, wherof I ſpake not rather:
And met our foes, ſlew many a lo:d and knight,
And tooke the King, and drave the Queene to flight.

This done came I to England all in haſte,
To make my claime vnto the realme and crowne:
And in the houſe while parliament did laſt,
I in the kinges ſeat boldly ſat me downe,
And claymed it: wherat the lo:des did frowne,
But what fo: that, I did ſo wel p:ocede,
That al at laſt confeſt it mine in dede.

But ſith the king had rayned now ſo long,
They would he ſhould continue til he died,
And to the ende that than none did me w:ong,
P:otecto:r and heire apparant they me cryed:
But ſith the Quene and others this denied,
I ſped me toward the No:th, where than ſhe lay,
In minde by fo:ce to cauſe her to obey.

Wherof ſhe warnde p:epared a mighty power,
And ere that mine were altogether ready,
Came bold to Boſworth, and beſieged my bower,
Where like a beaſt I was ſo raſhe and heady,
That out I would, there could be no remedy,
With ſkant fiue thouſand ſouldiers, to aſſayle
Fower times ſo many, encampt to moſt avayle.

And

And so was slayne at first: and while my childe
Skarce twelve yere olde, sought secretly to part,
That cruell Clifford, lord, nay Lozell wilde,
While the infant wept, and praied him rue his smart
knowing what he was, w̄ his dagger clave his hart:
This doen he came to the campe where I lay dead,
Dispoylde my corps, and cut away my head.

And whan he had put a paper crowne theron,
As a gawzing stocke he sent it to the Queen,
And she for spite, commaunded it anon
To be had to Yorke: where that it might be seen,
They placed it where other traytours been.
This mischiefe Fortune did me after death,
Such was my life, and such my losse of breath.

Wherfore see Baldwin that thou set it furth
To the ende the fraude of Fortune may be knowen,
That eke all princes well may way the wurth:
Of thinges, for which the sedes of warre be sowen:
No state so sure but soone is overthrowen.
No worldly good can counterpeyze the prise,
Of halfe the paynes that may therof arise.

Farre better it wer to loose a piece of right,
Than limmes and life in souling for the same.
It is not force of frendship nor of might,
But god that causeth thinges to fro or frame.
Not wit, but lucke, doth wield the winners game.
Wherfore if we our follies would refrayne,
Time would redres all wronges, we voyd of payne.

Wherfore

Wherfore warne princes not to wade in warre,
For any cause, except the realmes defence:
Their troublous titles are vnworthy farre,
The blud, the life, the spoyle of innocence.
Of frendes and foes behold my foule expence,
And neuer the nere: best therfore tary time,
So right shall raigne, and quiet calme eche crime.

WIth this, mayster Ferrers shooke me by the sleue, saying: why how now man, do you forget your selfe: belike you mind our matters very much: So I do in dede (quod I) For I dreame of them. And whan I had rehearsed my dreame, we had long talke concerning the natures of dreames, which to stint and to bring vs to our matter againe, thus sayde one of them: I am glad it was your chaunce to dreame of Duke Richard, for it had bene pity to haue ouerpassed him. And as cõcerning this lord Clyfford whych so cruelly killed his sonne, I purpose to geue you notes: who (as he well deserued) came shortly after to a sodayne death, & yet to good for so cruell a tiraunt. Wherfore as you thought you sawe and heard the headles duke speake thorow his necke, so suppose you see this lord Clifford all armed saue his head, with his brest plate all gore bloud running from his throte, wherin an hedles arrow sticketh, tirugh which wound he sayeth thus:

A Myrrour
Hovv the lord Clyfford for his ſtraunge and abhominable cruelty, came to as ſtraunge and ſodayne a death.

Open confeſſion areth open penaunce,
And wiſedome would a mā his ſhame to hide:
Yet ſith forgeuenes cummeth through repentaunce
I thinke it beſt that men their crimes aſcried,
For nought ſo ſecrete but at length is ſpied:
For couer fire, and it will neuer linne
Til it breake furth, in like caſe ſhame and ſinne.

As for my ſelfe my faultes be out ſo playne
And publiſhed ſo brode in every place,
That though I would I can not hide a grayne.
All care is bootles in a cureles caſe,
To learne by others griefe ſum haue the grace,
And therfore Baldwin write my wretched fall,
The brief wherof I briefly vtter ſhall.

I am the ſame that ſlue duke Richardes childe,
The lonely babe that begged life with teares.
Wherby my honour fowly I defilde.
Poore ſelly lambes the Lyon neuer teares:
The feble mouſe may lye among the beares:
But wrath of man his rancour to requite,
Forgets all reaſon, ruth, & vertue quite.

I meane

I mean by rancour the parentall wreke
Surnamde a vertue(as the vicious ſay)
But litle know the wicked what they ſpeake,
In bolding vs our enmyes kin to ſlay,
To punish ſinne, is good, it is no nay.
They wreke not ſinne,but merit wreke for ſinne,
That wreke the fathers faultes vpon his kyn.

Becauſe my father lord John Clifford died
Slayne at S. Albons,in his princes ayde,
Againſt the duke my hart for malyce fryed,
So that I could from wreke no way be ſtayed.
But to avenge my fathers death,aſſayde
All meanes I might the duke of Yorke to annoy.
And all his kin and frendes to kill and ſtroy.

This made me with my bluddy daggar wound.
His gilles ſunne that never againſt me ſturde:
His fathers body lying dead on ground,
To pearce with ſpeare,eke with my cruell ſwurd
To part his necke ,and with his head to bourd,
Envelled with a paper royal crowne,
From place to place to beare it vp and downe.

But cruelty can never ſhape the ſhourge
Of ſhame,of horror, and of ſodayne death.
Repentaunce ſelfe that other ſinnes may pourge,
Doth flye from this,ſo fore the ſoule it flayeth,
Diſpayre diſſolves the ſtraunges bitter breath:
For ſodayne vengeaunce ſodaynly alights
On cruell heades, to quite thier cruel ſpights.

This kind I true, for as I lay in stale
To fight against duke Richardes eldest sonne,
I was destroyed not far from Dintingdale:
For as I would my gorget haue vndoen
To event the heat that had me nye vndoen,
An headles arrow strake me through the throte
Wherthrough my soule forsooke his filthy coate.

Was this a chaunce? no suer, gods iust award,
Wherin due iustice playnly doth appere:
An headles arrowe payed me my reward,
For heading Richard lying on the bere.
And as I would his child in no wise heare,
So sodayn death bereft my tounge the power,
To aske for pardon at my dying bower.

Wherfore good Baldwin warne the bluddy sort,
To leave their wrath, their rigour to refrayne:
Tell cruel iudges, horror is the port
To which they sayle through shame, & sodayn payne:
Hel baleth strauntes downe to death amayne.
Was neuer yet nor shalbe cruell deede,
Left vnrewarded with as cruel meede.

WHan this tragedy was ended, O Lord q an other how horrible a thing is diuision in a realme, to howe many mischiefes is it the mother, what vyce is not therby kindled, what vertue left vnquenched? For what was the cause of the Duke of Yorks death, and of the cruelty of thys Clyfford, saue the

baryaunce betwene king Henry and the houſe of Yorke: whych at length beſides millions of the commons, brought to deſtruction all the nobility. For Edward the dukes eldeſt ſonne immediatly after his father was ſlayne, through helpe of the Nevels, gave the king a battayle, wherat, beſides this Clifford and .xxvi. thouſād other ſouldiers wer ſlayne their captaynes, the earles of Northūberland & Weſtmerland, with the lordes Dacres and Welles: the winning of which fielde brought Edward to the crowne, and the loſſe drave king Henry and his wyfe unto Skotland. But as few raines begin with, out blud, ſo kyng Edward to kepe order, cauſed the Erles of Devonſhire and Orford with diuers other his enemies, to be attaynted and put to death. And ſhortly after he did execution vppon the Duke of Somerſet, and the lordes Hungerford & Roſſe, whom he tooke priſoners at Erham field. For thither they came with king Henry out of Skotland, with an army of Skottes, & fought a battaile, which was loſt, & moſt part of the army ſlayne. And becauſe theſe are all noble men, I will leave them to Baldwins diſcretion. But ſeing the earle of Wurceſter was the chiefe inſtrument, whom king Edward vſed as well in theſe mens matters, as in like bluddy affaynes, becauſe he ſhould not be forgotten, ye ſhal heare what I have noted concerning his tragedy.

A Myrrour

The infamous ende of Lord Iohn Tiptoft Earle of VVurceſter, for cruelly executing his princes butcherly commaundementes.

THe glorious man is not ſo loth to lurke,
As the infamous glad to lye vnknowen:
Which maketh me Baldwin diſalow thy worke,
Where princes faultes ſo openly be blowen.
I ſpeake not this alonely for mine owne
Which wer my princes (if that they wer any)
But for my Peers, in numbre very many.

Or might report vprightly vſe her tong,
It would leſſe greue vs to augment thy matter.
But ſuer I am thou ſhalt be forſt among,
To frayne the truth, the liuing for to flatter:
And otherwhiles in poyntes vnknowen to ſmatter.
For time never was, nor ever I thinke ſhall be,
That truth vnſhent ſhould ſpeake in all thinges free.

This doeth appere (I dare ſay) by my ſtory,
Which diuers writers diuerſly declare,
But ſtory writers ought for neyther glory,
Feare, nor fauour, truth of thinges to ſpare.
But ſtill it fares as alway it did fare,
Affection, feare, or doubtes that dayly byde,
Do cauſe that ſtories never can be true.

Vnfruyt.

Unfruytfull Fabyan folowed the face
Of time and dedes, but let the causes slip:
Whych Hall hath added, but with double grace,
For feare I thinke least trouble might him trip:
For this or that (sayeth he) he felt the whip.
Thus story writers leave the causes out,
Or so rehears them, as they wer in dout.

But seing causes are the chiefest thinges
That should be noted of the story wryters,
That men may learne what endes al causes bringes
They be vnwurthy the name of Croniclers,
That leave them cleane out of their registers,
Or doubtfully report them: for the fruite
Of reading stories, standeth in the suite.

And therfore Baldwin eyther speake vpright
Of our affayres, or touche them not at all:
As for my selfe I waye al thinges so light,
That nought I passe how men report my fall.
The truth wherof yet playnly shew I shall,
That thou mayst write, and other therby rede,
What thinges I did, wherof they should take hede.

Thou hast heard of Tiptoftes erles of Wurcester
I am that John that lived in Edwardes dayes
The fourth, and was his frend and counsayler,
And Butcher to, as common rumor sayes.
But peoples voyce is neyther shame nor prayse:
For whom they would alive devour to day,
To morow dead, they wil wurship what they may.

But though the peoples verdit go by chaunce,
Yet was there cause to cal me as they did.
For I enforst by meane of gouernaunce,
Did execute what euer my king did byd.
From blame herein my selfe I can not ryd,
But fye vpon the wretched state, that must
Defame it selfe, to serue the princes lust.

The chiefest crime wherwith men do me charge,
Is death of the Earle of Desmundes noble sonnes.
Of which the kinges charge doth me clere discharge,
By strayt commaundement and Iniunctions:
Theffect wherof so rigorously runnes,
That eyther I must procure to se them dead,
Or for contempt as a traytour lose my head.

What would mine enemies do in such a case,
Obey the king, or proper death procure:
They may wel say their fancy for a face,
But life is swete, and lobe hard to recure.
They would haue doen as I did I am sure:
For seldome wil a welthy man at ease
For others cause his prince in ought displease.

How much lesse I, which was lieutenant than
In the Irishe yle, preferred by the king:
But who for lobe or dread of any man,
Consentes to accomplish any wicked thing,
Although chiefe fault therof from other spring,
Shall not eskape Gods vengeaunce for his dede,
Who sauseth none that dare do yl for drede.

This

This in my king and me may wel appere,
Which for our faultes did not eſkape the ſcourge:
For whan we thought our ſtates moſt ſure and clere
The wind of Warwick blew vp ſuch a ſourge
As from the realme and crowne the king did pourge,
And me both from mine office, frendes, and wife,
From good report, from honeſt death, and life.

For Therle of Warwick through a cancard grudge,
Which to king Edward cauſeles he did beare,
Out of his realme by force did make him trudge,
And ſet king Henry agayne vpon his chaire.
And then all ſuch as Edwardes louers were
As traytours tane, were greuouſly oppreſt,
But chiefly I, becauſe I loued him beſt.

And for my goodes and libinges wer not ſmall,
The gapers for them bare the world in hand
For ten yeres ſpace, that I was cauſe of all
The executions done within the land.
For thys did ſuch as did not vnderſtand
My enmies drift, thinke all reportes wer true:
And ſo to hate me worſe than any Iewe.

For ſeeldome ſhall a ruler loſe his life,
Before falſe rumours openly be ſpred:
Wherby this proberbe is as true as rife,
That rulers rumours hunt about a head.
Frowne Fortune once all good report is fled:
For preſent ſhew both make the mayny blind,
And ſuch as ſee, dare not diſcloſe their mind.

Through

Through this was I king Edwardes butcher na-
And bare the shame of all his cruell dedes: (med,
I cleare me not, I wurthely was blamed,
Though force was such I must obey him nedes.
With hyest rulers seldome wel it spedes,
For they be ever nearest to the nip,
And fault who shall, for all sele they the whip.

For whan I was by parliament attaynted,
King Edwardes evilles all wer counted mine.
No truth avayled, so lyes wer fast and paynted,
Which made the people at my life repine,
Crying: Crucifige, kill that butchers line:
That whan I should have gone to Blockam feast,
I could not passe so fore they on me preast.

And had not bene the officers so strong
I thinke they would have eaten me alive,
Howbeit hardly haled from the throng,
I was in the Fleete fast throwded by the thrive.
Thus one dayes life their malice did me give:
Which whan they knew, for spite the nexte day after,
They kept them calme, so sufred I the slaughter.

Now tel me Baldwin, what fault doest thou find,
In me, that suchly should such death deserve?
None sure, except desire of honour blind,
Which made me seke in offices to serve.
What minde so good, that honors make not swerve?
So mayst thou see, it only was my state
That caused my death, and brought me so in hate.

Warne

Warne therfore all men, wiſely to beware,
What offices they enterpriſe to beare:
The beſt alway moſt maligned are,
Of peoples grudge, and princes hate in feare.
For princes faultes his faultors all men teare.
Which to auoyde, let none ſuch office take,
Saue he that can for right his prince forſake.

THis Earles tragedy was not ſo ſoone finiſhed, but one of the cumpany had pro uided for an other, of a notable perſon, lord Tiptoftes chiefe enemy: concerning whom he ſayd: Lord god, what truſt is there in worldly chaũces: what ſtay in any proſperity: for ſee, the Earle of Warwicke which cauſed the earle of Wurceſter to be apprehended, attaynted, and put to death, triumphing with his olde unpriſoned, and newe vnpriſoned prince king Henry, was byandby after (and his brother with him) ſlayne at Barnet field by kyng Edward, whõ he had before time damaged diuers wayes. As firſt by his frendes at Banbury field, where to revenge the death of his Coſin Harry Nevel, Sir John Conyers and John Clappam his ſeruauntes ſlewe five thouſand Welſhemen, and beheaded theyr captaynes, the earle of Pembroke, and ſyr Rychard Harbert his brother after they wer yelded priſoners: of whom ſyr Rychard Harbert was, he talleſt gentleman both of his perſon and handes that ever I reade or

 heard of,

heard of. At which time also, Robyn of Riddale, a rebell of the earle of Warwyks rayſing, tooke the earle Rivers kyng Edwardes wifes father, and his ſonne Iohn, at his manour of Grafton, and caryed them to Northhampton, & there without cauſe or proces beheaded them. Whych ſpites to requite, king Edward cauſed the lord Stafford of Southwike one of Warwikes chyefe frendes to be taken at Brent march, and headed at Bridgewater. This cauſed the Earle ſhortly after to raiſe his power, to encounter the king which came agaynſt him with an army beſide Warwike, at Wolney wher he wan the field, tooke the king priſoner, and kept him a while at Yorkeſhire in Middleham caſtel: whence (as ſum ſay) he releaſed him agayne, but other thinke he corrupted his kepers, and ſo eſcaped. Then through the lordes the matter was taken vp betwene them, & they brought to talk together: but becauſe they could not agree, the earle rayſed a new army, wherof he made captayne the lord Welles ſonne. which kyng Edward minding to appeace by pollicy, fowly diſtayned his honor committing perjury. For he ſent for the lord Welles & his brother ſir Thomas Dimocke, vnder ſafeconduyte promiſing thē vpon his fayth to kepe thē harmleſs: But after, becauſe the Lord Welles ſonne would not diſſolve his army, beheded thē both, and wēt with his power downe into Lincolnſhire

shire, & there fought with sir Robert Welles, & slewe ten thousand of his souldiers yet ran they away so fast, that the casting of of their clothes for the more spede, caused it to be called loose-coate field) & tooke sir Robert & other, and put them to deth in the same place. This misfortune forced the earle of Warwike to saile into Fraūce wher he was wel entertained of ỳ king a while, and at last with such poore helpe as he procured ther of duke Rayner & other he came unto England againe, & increased such a power in kyng Henries name, ỳ as the lord Typtoft, sayd in his tragedy, king Edwarde unable to abide him, was faine to flye over the washes in Lincolnshire to get a ship to saile out of his kingdome to his brother in lawe the duke of Burgoyne: So was king Hēry restored again to the kingdome. All these despites & troubles the Earle wrought agaynst king Edward, but Henry was so infortunate that ere halfe a yeare was expyred, kyng Edwarde came backe agayne, and unpatroned him, and gave the erle a fielde, wherein he slew both him and his brother. I have recounted thus much before hande for the better opening of the story, which if it should have bene spoken in his tragedy would rather have made a volume than a pamphlete. For I entende onelye to say in the tragedy, what I have noted in the Earle of Warwycke person wyshing that these other noble men, whom I have by the waye touched, should not be forgotten.

And therfore imagine that you see this Earle lying with his brother in Paules church in his coat armure, with such a face & countenaunce as he beareth in portrayture ouer the dore in Poules, at the going downe to Jesus Chappell fro the south ende of the quier stayres, and saying as foloweth.

Hovv ſir Richard Nevell Earle of VVarvvike, and his brother Iohn Lord Marquiſe Mountacute through their tomuch boldnes vver ſlayne at Barnet field.

AMong the heapy heape of happy knyghtes,
Whom Fortune ſtalde vpon her ſtayles ſtage,
Oft hoyſt on hye, oft pight in wretched plightes,
Behold me Baldwin, a per ſe of my age,
Lord Richard Nevell, Earle by mariage
Of Warwike duchy, of Sarum by diſcent,
Which erſt my father through his mariage hent.

Wouldeſt thou beholde falſe Fortune in her kind
Note well my life ſo ſhalt thou ſee her naked:
Ful fayre before, but toto foule behind,
Moſt drowſy ſtill whan moſt ſhe ſemes awaked:
My fame and ſhame her chift full oft hath ſhaked,
By enterchaunge, alowe and vp alofte,
The Luſard like that chaungeth hewe ful oft.

For while the Duke of Yorke in life remayned
Myne vncle deare, I was his happy hand:
In all attemptes my purpoſe I attayned,
Though King and Quene & moſt Lordes of the land
With all their power did often me withſtand,
For god gaue Fortune, and my good behaviour,
Did from their prince ſcale me the peoples fauour,

So that through me in feldes right manly fought,
By force mine vncle tooke king Harry twise:
And for my cosin Edward so I wrought,
When both our syers were slayne through rashe ad-
That he atchieved his fathers enterprise: (uice:
For into Scotland king and Quene we chased,
By meane wherof the kingdome he embraced.

Which after he had enioyde in quiet peace,
(For shortly after was king Henry take,
And put in prison) his power to encreace,
I went to Fraunce, and matched him with a make,
The French kinges doughter, whom he did forsake:
For while with payne I brought his sute to passe,
He to a widowe rashly wedded was.

This made the French king shrewdly to suspecte,
That all my treaties had but yll pretence,
And whan I sawe my king so bent to lust,
That with his fayth he past not to dispence,
Which is a princes honors chiefe defence,
I could not rest til I had found a meane,
To mend his misse, or els to marre him cleane.

Wherfore I allyed me with his brother George,
Encensing him his brother to maligne
Through many a tale I did agaynst him forge:
So that through power we did from Calays bring
And found at home, we frayed so the king,
That he to go to Freseland ward amayne,
Whereby king Henry had the crowne agayne.

Than

Then put we the earle of Wurceſter to death
King Edwardes frend, a man to fowle defamed:
And in the while came Edward into breath,
For with the duke of Burgoyne ſo he framed.
That with the power that he to him had named,
Unlooked for he came to England ſtrayt,
And got to Yorke, and tooke the towne by ſleyte.

And after through the ſufferans of my brother,
Which like a beaſt occaſion fowly loſt,
He came to London ſafe with many other,
And tooke the towne to good king Harries coſt,
Which was through him from poſt to piller toſt,
Til therle of Oxford, I, and other more,
Aſſembled power his fredome to reſtore.

Wher of king Edward warned came with ſpede,
And camped with his oſte at Barnet towne,
Where we right fierce encountred him in dede
On Eaſter day, right early on the downe,
There many a man was ſlayne and ſtriken downe
On eyther ſide, and neyther part did gayne
Til I and my brother both at length were ſlayne.

For we to harten our obermatched men,
Forſooke our ſteedes, and in the thickeſt throng,
Ran preacing furth on foote, and fought ſo then,
That down we drabe them wer they never ſo ſtrog.
But ere this inche had laſted very long:
With numbre and force we wer ſo fowlye cloyed.
And reſcue fayled, that quite we wer deſtroyed.

Now

So that through me in feldes right manly fought,
By force mine vncle tooke king Harry twise:
And for my cosin Edward so I wrought,
When both our syers were slayne through rashe ad-
That he atchieved his fathers enterprise: (uice:
For into Scotland King and Quene we chased,
By meane wherof the kingdome he embraced.

Which after he had enioyde in quiet peace,
(For shortly after was king Henry take,
And put in prison) his power to encreace,
I went to Fraunce, and matched him with a make,
The French kinges doughter, whom he did forsake:
For while with payne I brought his sute to passe,
He to a widowe rashly wedded was.

This made the French king shrewdly to suspecte,
That all my treaties had but yll pretence,
And whan I sawe my king so bent to lust,
That with his fayth he past not to dispence,
Which is a princes honors chiefe defence,
I could not rest til I had found a meane.
To mend his misse, or els to marre him cleane.

Wherfore I allyed me with his brother George,
Encensing him his brother to maligne
Through many a tale I did agaynst him forge:
So that through power we did from Calays bring
And found at home, we frayed so the king,
That he to go to Freseland ward amayne,
Whereby king Henry had the crowne agayne.

Than

Then put we the earle of Wurceſter to death
King Edwardes frend, a man to fowle defamed:
And in the while came Edward into breath,
For with the duke of Burgoyne ſo he framed.
That with the power that he to him had named,
Unlooked for he came to England ſtrayt,
And got to Yorke, and tooke the towne by ſleyte.

And after through the ſufferans of my brother,
Which like a beaſt occaſion fowly loſt,
He came to London ſafe with many other,
And tooke the towne to good king Harries coſt,
Which was through him from poſt to piller toſt,
Til therle of Dreford, I, and other more,
Aſſembled power his fredome to reſtore.

Wherof king Edward warned came with ſpede,
And camped with his oſte at Barnet towne,
Where we right fierce encountred him in dede
On Eaſter day, right early on the downe,
There many a man was ſlayne and ſtriken downe
On eyther ſide, and neyther part did gayne
Til I and my brother both at length were ſlayne.

For we to harten our obermatched men,
Forſooke our ſtedes, and in the thickeſt throng,
Ran preacing furth on foote, and fought ſo then,
That down we drave them wer they never ſo ſtrog.
But ere this inche had laſted very long:
With numbre and force we wer ſo fowlye cloyed
And reſcue fayled, that quite we wer deſtroyed.

Now

Now tell me Baldwin hast thou heard or read,
Of any man that did as I have done?
That in his time so many armies led,
And victory at every vyage wunne?
Hast thou ever heard of subiect vnder sonne,
That plaaste and baaste his soveraynes so oft,
By enterchaunge, now low, and than aloft?

Perchaunce thou thinkest my doinges were not such
As I and other do affirme they were.
And in thy minde I see thou musest much
What meanes I vsed, that should me so prefer:
Wherin because I wil thou shalt not erre,
The truth of all I wil at large recite,
The short is this: I was no hippocrite.

I never did nor sayd, save what I mente,
The common weale was still my chiefest care,
To priuate gayne or glory I was not bent,
I never passed vpon delicious fare.
Of nedeful foode my bourde was neuer bare.
No creditour did curs me day by day.
I vsed playnnes, euer pitch and pay.

I heard olde soldiers, and poore workemen whine
Because their duryes wer not duly payd,
Agayne I sawe howe people did repine,
At those through whom their paimentes wer delayd:
And proofe did oft assure (as scripture sayd)
That god doth wreke the wretched peoples grieues,
I sawe the polles cut of fro polling theues.

This

This made me alway ſuſſly for to deale.
Which whan the people playnly vnderſtoode,
Bycauſe they ſawe me mind the common weale
They ſtill endeuoured how to do me good,
Ready to ſpend their ſubſtaunce, life, and blud,
In any cauſe wherto I did them moue
For ſuer they wer it was for their behoue.

And ſo it was. For whan the realme decayde,
By ſuch as good king Henry ſore abuſed,
To mende the ſtate I gaue his enmies ayde:
But whan king Edward ſinful pranckes ſtil vſed,
And would not mend, I likewiſe him refuſed:
And holpe vp Henry the better of the twayne,
And in his quarel (ſuch I thinke) was ſlayne.

And therfore Baldwin teach by proofe of me,
That ſuch as couet peoples loue to get,
Muſt ſee their wurkes and wurdes in all agree:
Liue liberally, and kepe them out of det,
On common weale let al their care be ſet,
For vpright dealing, dets payd, poore ſuſtayned,
Is meane wherby all hartes are throwly gayned.

A Soone as the Erle had ended his admonicion, ſure (q one) I thinke the Erle of Warwike although he wer a glorious man, hath ſayd no more of him ſelfe than what is true. For if he had not had notable good vertues, or vertuous qualities, and vſed lawdable meanes in his trade of lyfe, the people woulde

neuer haue loued him as they did: But god be with him, and send his soule rest, for sure his bodye neuer had any. And although he dyed, yet ciuil warres ceased not. For immediatlye after his death, came Quene Margarete with a power out of Fraunce, bringing with her her yõg sonne prince Edwarde, and with such feendes as she found here, gaue king Edward a battel at Tewrbury, where both she & her sonne were takẽ puisoners, with Edmund duke of Somerset her chiefe captayne: whose sonne lord John, and the earle of Deuonshire, were slayne in the fight, and the duke him selfe with diuers other immediatlye beheaded: whose infortunes are worthy to be remembred, chiefely Prince Edwardes, whom the king for speaking truth, cruelly stroke with his gauntlet, and his brotherne tirannously murdered. But seinge the time so farre spente, I will passe them ouer, and with them Fawconbridge that ioly rouer, beheaded at Southhampton: whose commocion made in Kent, was cause of sely Henries destruccion.

And seing king Henrye him selfe was cause of the destruccion of many noble princes, being of all other most vnfortunate him selfe, I will declare what I haue noted in his vnlucky lyfe: who wounded in prison with a dagger, maye lament his wretchedues in maner folowing.

Howe

Hovv king Henry the syxt a vertuous prince, vvas after many other miseries cruelly murdered in the Tovver of London.

If ever woful wight had cause to rue his state,
Or by his rufull plight to move men moane his fate,
My piteous playnt may preace my mishaps to rehearce,
wherof the least most lightly heard, the hardest hart may pearce

What hart so hard can heare, of innocens opprest
By fraude in worldly goodes, but melteth in the brest
Whan giltles men be spoylde, imprisoned for theyr owne,
who wayleth not their wretched case to whō the cause is knowē

The Lyon licketh the sores of selly wounded shepe,
The deadmans corse may cause the Crocodile to wepe,
The waves that waste the rockes, refresh the rotten redes,
Such ruth the wracke of innocens in cruel creature bredes,

What hart is than so hard, but wyl for pitye blede,
To heare so cruell lucke so cleare a life succede?
To see a silly soule with woe and sorowe souste,
A king deprived, in prison pente, to death with daggars doust.

Woulde god the day of birth had brought me to my beere,
Than had I never felt the chaunge of Fortunes cheere.
Would god the grave had gript me in her gredy woumbe,
Whan crowne in cradle made me king, w[illegible] of [illegible] thoumbe

Would god the rufull toumbe had bene my royall trone,
So should no kingly charge have made me make my mone:
O that my soule had flowen to heaven with the ioy,
When one sort cryed: God save the king, another, Vive le roy.

So had I not been washt in wawes of worldly woe,
My mynde to quyet bent, had not bene tolled so:
My frendes had bene alyue, my subiectes vnoppresst:
But death or cruell destiny, denyed me this rest.

Alas what should we count the cause of wretches cares,
The starres do styre them vp, Astronomy declares:
Or humours sayth the leache, the double true diuines,
To the will of god, or yll of man, the doubtfull cause assignes.

Such doltish heades as dreame that all thinges dyde by haps,
Count lack of former care for cause of afterclaps.
Attributing to man a power fro God bereft,
Abusing vs, and robbing him, through their most wicked theft.

But god doth gide the world, and every hap by skyll,
Our wit and willing power are paysed by his will:
What wyt most wisely wardes, and wil most deadly brkes,
Though al our power would presse it downe, doth dash our wa-
(rest wurkes.

Than destiny, our sinne, Gods will, or els his wreake,
Do wurke our wretched woes, for humours bo to weake:
Except we take them so, as they prouoke to sinne,
For through our lust by humours fed, al vicious dedes beginne

So sinne and they be one, both wurking like effect,
And cause the wrath of God to wreake the soule infect,
Thus wrath and wreake diuine, mans sinnes and humours yll,
Concur in one, though in a sort, ech doth a course fulfill.

If likewiſe ſuch as ſay the welken fortune warkes,
Take Fortune for our fate, and ſterres therof the markes,
Then deſtiny with fate, and Gods wil al be one:
But if they meane it otherwiſe, ſkath cauſers ſkyes be none.

Thus of our heavy happes, chiefe cauſes be but twayne,
Wherein the reſt depende, and vnderput remayne.
The chiefe the wil diuine, called deſtiny and fate,
The other ſinne, through humours holpe, which god doth highly (hate,
The firſt appoynterh payne for good mens exerciſe,
The ſecond doth deſerue due puniſhment for vice:
This witneſſeth the wrath, and that the love of God,
The good for love, the bad for ſinne, God beateth with his rod.

Although my ſundry ſinnes do place me with the wurſt,
My happes yet cauſe me hope to be among the furſt:
The eye that ſearcheth all, and ſeeth every thought,
Doth know how ſore I hated ſinne, and after vertue ſought.

The ſolace of the ſoule my chiefeſt pleaſure was,
Of worldly pompe, of fame, or game, I did not pas:
My kingdomes nor my crowne I priſed not a crum:
In heaven wer my riches heapt, to which I ſought to cum.

Yet wer my ſorowes ſuch as never man had like,
So divers ſtormes at once, ſo often did me ſtrike:
But why, God knowes, not I, except it wer for this
To ſhew by patarne of a prince, how brittle honour is.

Our kingdomes are but cares, our ſtate deuoyde of kay,
Our riches redy ſnares, to haſten our decay:
Our pleaſures prinp prickes our vices to prouoke, (ſmoke,
Our pōpe a pumpe, our fame a flame, our power a ſmouldring

I speake not but by proofe, and that may many rue.
My life doth crie it out, my death doth trye it true:
Wherof I will in briefe, rehearce my heavy hap, (wrap.
That Baldwin in his woful warpe, my wretchedues may

In Windsore borne I was: and bare my fathers name,
Who wanne by war all Fraunce to his eternall fame:
And left to me the crowne, to be receyued in peace, (decease.
Through mariage made with Charles his haire, vpon his lifes

Which shortly did ensue, yet died my father furst,
And both their realmes were mine, ere I a yere were nurst:
Which as they fell to soone, so faded they as fast, (past
For Charles and Edward got them both, or fortye yeres were

This Charles was eldest sonne of Charles my father in law,
To whom as heire of Fraunce, the Frenchmen did them draw.
But Edward was the heire of Richard duke of Yorke.
The hayer of Roger Mortimer, slayne by the kerne of Korke.

Before I came to age Charles had recovered Fraunce,
And kilde my men of warre, so lucky was his chaunce:
And through a mad contract I made with Rayners daughter,
I gave and lost all Normandy, the cause of many a slaughter.

First of mine vncle Humfrey, abhorring sore this acte,
Because I therby brake a better precontracte:
Thā of the flattring duke that first the mariage made,
The iust rewarde of such as dare their princes yll perswade.

And I poore sely wretche abode the brunt of all:
My mariage lust so swete was mixt with bitter gall,
My wife was wise, and good had she [illegible] rightly sought,
But our vnlawful getting it, may [illegible] a good thing nought.

Wherfore warne men beware how they iust promise breake
Least proofe of paynful plagues do cause them waile the wreke:
Aduise wel ere they graunt, but what they graunt, perfourme,
For god wil plage all doublenes, although we feele no wourme

I falsly borne in hand beleved I did wel,
But al thinges be not true that learned men do tell:
My cleargy sayd a prince was to no promis bounde,
Whose wordes to be no gospel tho, I to my griefe haue found.

For after mariage ioynde Quene Margarete and me,
For one mishap afore, I dayly met with three:
Of Normandy and Fraunce Charles got away my crowne,
The Duke of Yorke & other sought at home to put me downe.

Bellona rang the bell at home and all abrode,
With whose mishaps amayne fel Fortune did me lode:
In Fraunce I lost my fortes, at home the foughten fielde, (yelde
My kindred slaine, my frendes opprest, my selfe enforste to

Duke Richard tooke me twife, and forst me to resigne,
My crowne, and titles, due vnto my fathers ligne:
And kept me as a warde, did all thinges as him list, (syst.
Til time my wife through bluddy sword had tane me from his

But though she slew the duke, my sorowes did not slake,
But like to hiders head, stil more and more awake:
For Edward through the ayde of Warwick and his brother,
From one field drave me to the Skots, and toke me in another.

Then went my frēdes to wracke, for Edward ware the crowne
For which for nine yeres space his prison held me downe:
Yet thence through Warwikes wurke I was againe releast,
And Edward driven fro the realme, to seke his frendes by East.

But

But what preuayleth payn, or prouidens of man
To helpe him to good hap, whom destiny doth ban?
Who mayleth to remoue the rocke out of the mud,
Shall myer him selfe, & hardly shape the swelling of the flud.

This al my frendes haue found and I haue felt it so.
Ordayned to be the touche of wretchednes and woe,
For ere I had a yeare possest my seat agayne,
I lost both it and liberty, my helpers all were slayne.

For Edward first by stelth, and sith by gadered strength,
Arrived and got to Yorke and London at the length:
Tooke me and tyed me by, yet Warwike was so stout,
He came with power to Barnet fyelde, in hope to helpe me out.

And there alas was slayne, with many a worthy knight,
O Lord that euer such luck should hap in helping right:
Last came my wife and sonne, that long lay in exyle,
Defyed the King, and fought a fyelde, I may bewaile the whyle.

For there mine only sonne, not thirtene yere of age,
Was tane and murdered strayte, by Edward in his rage:
And shortly I my selfe to stynt al furder strife
Stabbed with his brothers bludy blade in prison lost my life.

Loe here the heauy happes which happened me by heape,
See here the pleasaunt fruytes that many princes reape,
The payneful plagues of those that breake their lawful bandes,
Their mede which may & will not saue their frendes fro bludy (bandes.

God graunt my woful haps to grieuous to rehearse,
May teache all states to know how depely daungers pearce:
How frayle al honours are, how brittle worldly blisse,
That warned through my fearful fate, they feare to do amys.

Thys

THis tragedy ended, an other said: eyther you or king Henry are a good philosopher, so narowly to argue the causes of misfortunes: but ther is nothing to experience, which taught, or might teach ỹ king this lesson. but to procede in our matter, I finde mencion here shortly after ỹ death of this king, of a duke of Excester found dead in the sea betwene Dover and Calays, but what he was, or by what adventure he died, master Fabian hath not shewed, and master Hall hath overskipped him: so that excepte we bee frendlier vnto him, he is like to be double drowned, both in the sea, and in the gulfe of forgetfulnes. About this matter was much talke, but because one tooke vppon him to seeke out that story, that charge was cõmitted to him. And to be occupied the meane while, I found the storye of one drowned likewise, and that so notably, though priuily, that al the world knew of it: wherfore I sayd: because night approcheth, and that we wil lose no time, ye shall heare what I have noted concerning the duke of Clarens, king Edwardes brother, who altobewashed in wine, may bewayle his infortune after this maner.

A Myrrour

Hovv George Plantagenet third ſonne of the Duke of Yorke, vvas by his brother King Edvvard vvrongfully impriſoned, and by his brother Richard miſerably murdered.

THe foule is foiule men ſay, that files the neſt,
which maketh me loath to ſpeak now, might I chuſe,
But ſeing time vnburdened hath her breſt,
And fame blowen vp the blaſt of all abuſe,
My ſilence rather might my life accuſe
Than ſhroud our ſhame, though fayne I would it ſo:
For truth wil out, though all the woꝛld ſay no.

And therfoꝛe Baldwin hartely I the beſeche.
To pauſe awhile vpon my heauy playnt,
And though vnneth I vtter ſpedy ſpech,
No fault of wit, oꝛ folly maketh me faynt:
No heady dꝛinkes haue geben my tounge attaynte
Thꝛough quaffing craft, yet wine my wits confoũd
Not which I dꝛanke of, but wherin I dꝛound.

What pꝛince I am although I neue not ſhewe,
Becauſe my wine bewꝛayes me by the ſmell,
Foꝛ neuer was creature ſowſt in Bacchus dewe
To death but I, thꝛough Foꝛtunes rigour fel:
Yet that thou mayſt my ſtoꝛy better tell,
I will declare as bꝛiefly as I may,
My welth, my woe, and cauſers of decay.

The

The famous houſe ſournamed Plantagenet,
Wherat dame Fortune frowardly did frowne,
White Bolenbroke vntuſtly ſought to ſet
His lord king Richard quite beſide the crowne,
Though many a day it wanted due renowne,
God ſo preſerued by prouidens and grace,
That lawful heires did neuer faile the race.

For Lionell king Edwardes elder childe,
Both vncle and haire to Richard pſiuleſſe,
Begot a doughter Philip, whom vnfilde
The earle of March eſpouſde, and god did bleſſe
With fruyte aſſinde the kingdome to poſſeſſe:
I mean ſir Roger Mortimer, whoſe hayer
The earle of Cambridge maried Anne the fayer.

This earle of Cambridge Richard clept by name,
Was ſonne to Edmund Langley duke of Yorke:
Which Edmund was fift brother to the ſame
Duke Lyonel, that al this line doth korke:
Of which two houſes ioyned in a forke,
My father Richard prince Plantagenet
True duke of Yorke, was lawful heire beget.

Who tooke to wife as you ſhal vnderſtand
A mayden of a noble houſe and olde,
Raulfe Nebels daughter Earle of Weſtmerland:
Whoſe ſonne Earle Richard was a baron bolde,
And had the right of Salyſbury in holde, (hayer,
Through mariage made with good Earle Thomas
Whoſe earned prayſes neuer ſhal appaire.

The duke my father had by this his wife,
Fower sonnes, of whom the eldest Edward highte,
The second John, who lost in youth his life,
At wakefield slayne by Clifford cruell knighte.
I George am third of Clarence duke by right.
The fowerth borne to the mischiefe of vs all,
Was duke of Glocester, whom men Richard call.

Whan as our syer in sute of right was slayne,
(Whose life and death him selfe declared earst,)
My brother Edward plyed his cause amayne,
And got the crowne, as Warwick hath rehearst:
The pryde wherof so depe his stomache pearst,
That he forgot his frendes, dispisde his kin,
Of oth or office passing not a pinne.

Which made the earle of Warwike to maligne,
My brothers state, and to attempt a waye,
To bring from prison Henry selly king,
To helpe him to the kingdome if he may.
And knowing me to be the chiefest staye,
My brother had, he did me undermine
To cause me to his treasons to encline.

Wherto I was prepared long before,
My brother had bene to me so unkinde:
For sure no cankar fretteth flesche so sore,
As unkinde dealing doth a louing minde.
Loues strongest bandes unkindnes doth unbinde,
It moveth love to malice, zele to hate,
Chiefe frendes to foes, and brotherne to debate.

And

And though the Earle of Warwike ſubtile ſpet,
Perceyued I bare a grudge againſt my brother,
Yet towarde his feat to ſet me more on fire,
He kindeled by one firebrand with another:
For knowing lanſie was the forcing rother,
Which ſtirreth youth to any kinde of ſtrife,
He offered me his daughter to my wife.

Wherthrough and with his crafty filed tounge,
He ſtale my hart, that firſt vnſtedy was:
For I was witles, wanton, fonde, and younge,
Whole bent to pleaſure, brittle as the glas:
I can not lye, In vino veritas.
I did eſteme the beawty of my bryde,
Abode my ſelfe and all the world beſide.

Theſe fond affections ioynt with lacke of ſkyll,
(Which trap the hart, and blinde the tyes of youth,
And pricke the minde to practiſe any yll)
So tickled me, that boyd of kindly truth:
(Which where it wantes, all wickednes enſueth)
I ſtinted not to perſecute my brother,
Till time he left his kingdome to an other.

Thus karnall lobe did quench the loue of kind,
Till luſt were loſt throughe fanſy fully fed.
But whan at length I came vnto my minde,
I ſawe how lewdly lightnes had me led,
To ſeeke with payne the peril of my hed:
For had king Henry once beine ſetled ſure,
I was aſſured my dayes could not endure.

And

And therfore though I bound my selfe by othe
To helpe king Henry al that ever I might,
Yet at the treaty of my brethrene both,
Which reason graunted to require but right,
I left his part, wherby he perisht quite:
And reconsilde me to my brethrene twayne,
And so came Edward to the crowne againe.

This made my father in lawe to fret and fume,
To stampe and stare, and call me false forswornе,
And at the length with all his power, presume
To helpe king Henry vtterly forlorne.
Our frendly profers stil he tooke in skorne,
Refused peace, and came to Barnet field,
And there was kilde, bicause he would not yeeld:

His brother also there with him was slayne,
Wherby decayed the hapes of chiualrie.
For never lifed the matches of them twaine,
In manhode, power, and marciall policy,
In vertuous thewes, and frendly constancy,
That would to god, if it had bene his wil
They might have turnde to vs, and liued stil.

But what shal be, shal be: there is no chorse,
Thinges nedes must bide as destiny decreeth:
For which we ought in all our haps reioyce,
Bicause the eye eterne all thing forseeth,
Which to no yll at any time agreeth,
For yls to yll to vs, be good to it,
So farre his subtilties exceede our reach of wit.

The

The wounded man which muſt abide the ſmart,
Of ſtitching vp, or ſearing of his ſore,
As thing to bad, reproues the Surgeons art,
Which notwithſtanding doth his helth reſtore.
The childe likewiſe to ſcience plied ſore,
Counts knowledge ill, his teacher to be wood,
Yet Surgery and ſciences be good.

But as the pacientes griefe and Scholers payne,
Cauſe them deme bad ſuch thinges as ſure be beſt,
So want of wiſedome cauſeth vs complayne,
Of every hap, wherby we ſeme oppreſt:
The poore do pine for pelfe, the rich for reſt,
And whan as loſſe or ſicknes vs aſſayle:
We curſe our fate, our Fortune we bewayle.

Yet for our good, god worketh every thing:
For through the death of thoſe two noble peres
My brother lived and raignde a quiet king,
Who had they lived perchaunce in courſe of yeares,
Would have deliuered Henry from the bieres,
Or holpe his ſonne to enioye the careful crowne,
Wherby our lyne ſhould have be quite put downe.

A careful crowne it may be iuſtly named,
Not only for the cares therto annext,
To ſee the ſubiect wel and duly framed,
With which good care few kinges are greatly vext:
But for the dread wherwith they are perplext,
Of loſing lordſhip, liberty, or life:
Which woful wrackes in kingdomes happen rife.

The

The which to shun while sum to sore have sought
They have not spared all persons to suspect:
And to destroy such as they giley thought:
Though no apparaunce proved them infect.
Take me for one of this wrong punisht sect,
Imprisoned first, accused without cause,
And doen to death, no proces had by lawes.

Wherin I note how vengeaunce doth acquite
Like yll for yll how vices vertue quell:
For as my mariage love did me excite
Against the king my brother to rebell,
So love to have his children prosper well,
Provoked him against both lawe and right,
To murder me, his brother, and his knight.

For by his quene two goodly sonnes he had.
Borne to be punisht for their parentes sinne:
Whose fortunes kalked made their father sad,
Such wofull haps were founde to be therin:
Which to avouch, writ in a rotten skinne
A prophecy was found, which sayd a G,
Of Edwardes children should destruccion be.

We to be G, because my name was George
My brother thought, and therfore did me hate.
But woe be to the wicked heades that forge
Such doubtful dreames to brede unkinde debate:
For God, a glebe, a gibet, grate or gate,
A Grave, a Grifferh or a Gregory,
As well as George are writen with a G.

Such

Such doubtfull riddles are no prophecies.
For prophecies, in writing though obſcure,
Are playne in ſence, the darke be very lyes:
What god forſheweth is evident and pure.
Truth is no Harold nor no Sophiſt ſure: (ſes,
She noteth not mens names, their childes nor crea-
Though ſhe compare them vnto birdes and beaſtes.

But whom ſhe doth forſhewe ſhal rule by force,
She termeth a Wolfe, a Dragon or a Beare:
A wilful Prince, a raynles ranging horſe.
A bolde, a Lyon: a coward much in feare,
A hare or hart: a crafty, pricked eare:
A lecherous, a Bull, a Goote, a Foale:
An vnderminer, a Poldwarp, or a mole.

By knowen beaſtes thus truth doth playne declare
What men they be, of whom ſhe ſpeakes before,
And who ſo can mens properties compare
And marke what beaſt they do reſemble more,
Shall ſoone diſcerne who is the grieſly bore.
For God by beaſtes expreſſeth mens condicions,
And not their badges, haroldes ſuperſticions.

And learned Merline whom God gave the ſpirite,
To know, and deter princes actes to cum,
Like to the Jewiſh prophetes, did recite
In ſhade of beaſtes, their doinges all and ſum:
Expreſſing playne by maners of the dum,
That kinges and lordes ſuch properties ſhould have
As had the beaſtes whoſe name he to them gave:

Which while the folish did not well consider,
And seing princes gabe, for difference
And knowledge of their issues myxt together,
All maner beastes, for badges of pretence,
They tooke those badges to expres the sence
Of Perlines minde, and those that gabe the same,
To be the princes noted by their name.

And hereof sprang the false namde prophecies,
That go by letters, siphers, armes, or signes:
Which all be foolish, false and crafty lies,
Deuised by gesse, or Guiles vntrue diuines:
For whan they sawe that many of many lines
Gabe armes alike, they wist not which was he,
Whom Perline meant the noted beast to be.

For all the broode of Warwickes gebe the Bear,
The Buckinghames do likewise gebe the swan:
But which Bear bearer shoulde the lyon teare
They wer as wise as Goose the fery man:
Yet in their skil they ceased not to skan:
And to be demed of the people wise,
Set furth their gloses vpon prophecies.

And whom they doubted openly to name
They darkly termed, or by sum letter meant:
For so they mought how eber the world did frame,
Preserbe them selbes from shame or being shent.
For howsoeber contrary it went,
They might expound their meaning otherwise,
As haps in thinges should newly stil arise.

And

And thus there grew of a miſtaken truth,
An arte ſo falſe, as made the true ſuſpect:
Wherof hath cum much miſchiefe, more the ruth,
That errours ſhould our mindes ſo much infect.
True prophecies have ſowly been reiect:
The falſe which bréde both murder, warre & ſtrife,
Belyued to the loſſe of many a goodmans life.

And therfore Baldwin teach men to diſcerne,
Which prophecies be falſe and which be true:
And for a ground this leſſon let them learne,
That all be falſe which are deuiſed newe:
The age of thinges is iudged by the hue.
All Riddels made by letters, names or armes,
Are yong and falſe, for wurſe than witches charmes.

I know thou muſeſt at this loze of mine,
How I no ſtudent, ſhould have learned it:
And doeſt impute it to the fume of wine
That ſpyz's the tounge, and ſharpeneth vp the wit,
But harke, a frende did teache me euery whit.
A man of mine, in al good knowledge rife,
For which he giltles, loſt his learned life.

This man abode my ſeruaunt many a day,
And ſtil in ſtudy ſet his hole delite:
Which taught me more than I could beare away
Of euery arte: and by his ſearching ſight
Of thinges to cum he could forſhew as right,
As I rehearce the pageantes that wer paſt:
Such perfectnes god gaue him at the laſt.

He knew my brother Richard was the Bore,
Whose tuskes should teare my brothers boyes & me,
And gave me warning therof long before.
But wit nor warning can in no degree
Let thinges to hap, which are ordaynde to bee,
Witnes the paynted Lionesse, which slue
A prince imprisoned, Lions to eschue.

He tolde me to, my youkefelow should dye,
(Wherin wonld God he had bene no diuine)
And after her death, I should woe earnestly
A spouse, wherat my brother should repine:
And finde the meanes she should be none of mine,
For which such malice, should among vs rise,
As save my death no treaty should decise.

And as he sayd, so all thinges came to passe:
For whan King Henry and his sonne wer slayne,
And every broyle so throughly quenched was,
That the King my brother quietly did rayne,
I, reconsiled to his love agayne,
In prosperous health did leade a quiet life,
For five yeares space with honors laden rife.

And to augment the fulnes of my blisse,
Two lovely children by my wife I had:
But froward hap, whose maner ever is,
In chiefest ioy to make the happy sad,
Bemixt my swete with bitternes to bad:
For while I swam in ioyes on every side,
My louing wife, my chiefest iewel died.

Whose

Who se lacke whan sole I had bewaylde a yeare,
The Duke of Burgoynes wife dame Margarete
My louing sister, willing me to cheare,
To mary againe did kindly me intreat:
And wisht me matched with a mayden nete
A stepdaughter of hers, duke Charles, his hayer,
A noble damesell, yong, discrete and fayer.

To whose desyer, because I did encline,
The King my brother doubting my degree,
Through prophecies, against vs did repine:
And at no hande, would to our willes agree.
For which such rancor pearst both him and me
That face to face we fell to flat defiaunce,
But were appeased by frendes of our aliaunce.

Howbeit my mariage vtterly was dasht:
Wherein because my servaunt sayd his minde,
A meane was sought wherby he might be lasht,
And for they could no crime agaynst him finde,
They forged a fault the peoples iyes to blinde,
And tolde he should by sorceries pretende,
To bring the King vnto a spedy ende.

Of all which poyntes he was as innocent,
As is the babe that lacketh kindely breth:
And yet condemned by the Kinges assent,
Most cruelly put to a shamefull death.
This fierd my hart, as soulder doth the heath:
So that I could not but exclame and crye,
Against so great and open an iniury.

For

For this I was commaunded to the tower,
The king my brother was so cruel harted:
And whan my brother Richard saw the hower
Was cum, for which his hart so sore had smarted,
He thought best take the time before it parted.
For he endeuoured to attayne the crowne,
Frō which my life must nedes have held him downe.

For though the king within a while had died,
As nedes he must, he surlayed so oft,
I must have had his children in my gyde
So Richard should beside the crowne have coft:
This made him plye the while the ware was soft,
To find a meane to bring me to an ende,
For realme rape spareth neither kin nor frend.

And whan he sawe how reason can asswage
Through length of time, my brother Edwardes yre,
With forged tales he set him new in rage,
Til at the last they did my death conspire.
And though my truth sore troubled their desire,
For all the world did know mine innocence,
Yet they agreed to charge me with offence.

And covertly within the tower they called,
A quest to geve such verdite as they should:
Who what with fear, and what with fauour thralde,
Durst nought pronounce but as my brethern would
And though my false accusers never could
Prove ought they sayd, I giltles was condemned:
Such verdites passe where iustice is contemned.

This

This feat atchieued, yet could they not for shame
Cause me be kilde by any common way,
But like a wilde the tirant Richard came,
(My brother, nay my butcher I may say)
Into the tower, when all men wer away,
Save such as wer prouided for the feate:
Who in this wise did straungely me entreate.

His purpose was, with a prepared string
To strangle me. but I desird me so,
That by no force they could me therto bring,
Which caused him that purpose to forgo.
Howbeit they bound me whether I would or no.
And in a butte of Malmesey standing by,
Newe Christned me, drounde I should not crie.

Thus drounde I was, yet for no due desert,
Except the zeale of Iustice be a crime:
False prophecies bewitched king Edwardes hert,
My brother Richard to the crowne wold clime.
Note therefore cause in thy rufull ryme:
And boldly say they did procure my fal,
And death, of deathes most straunge and hard of al.

And warne all princes prophecies to eschue
That are to darke or doubtful to be knowen:
What God hath sayd, that can not but ensue,
Though all the world would have it overthrowen.
When men suppose by fetches of their owne
To flye their fate, they further on the same,
Like quenching blasses, which oft reuive the flame.

Will

Will princes therfore not to thinke by murder
They may auoide what prophecies behight, (der,
But by their meanes their mischieles they may fur-
And cause gods vengeaunce heauier to alight:
Wo wurth the wretch ỹ strives with gods forsights,
They are not wise, but wickedly do arre,
Which thinke yll dedes, due destinies may barre.

For if we thinke that prophecies be true,
We must beleue it can not but betide
Which God in them forsheweth shall ensue:
For his decrees vnchaunged do abide,
Which to be true my bretherne both have tried.
Whose wicked warkes warne princes to detest,
That others harmes may kepe them better blest.

BY that this tragedy was ended, nyghte was so nere cum that we could not conueniently tary together any longer: and therfore sayd mayster Ferrers: It is best my masters to staye here. For we be cum now to the ende of Edwarde the fowerth his raygne. For the last whom we finde vnfortunate therein, was this Duke of Clarens: In whose behalfe I commende much that which hath be noted. Let vs therfore for this time leave with him. And this daye seuen nightes hence, if your busines will so suffer, let vs all mete here together agayne. And you shal se that in the mean season I will not only deuise vppon this my selfe, but cause

but cause divers other of my acquayntauns, which can do very well, to helpe vs forwarde with the rest. To this every man gladly agreed. howbeit (q̃ an other) seing we shall end at Edward the fowerthes ende, let him selfe make an ende of our daies labour with the same oration which mayster Skelton made in his name, the tenour wherof so farre as I remember, is this.

A Myrrour

Hovv king Edvvard through his surfeting and vntemperate life, sodainly died in the mids of his prosperity.

Miseremini mei ye that be my frendes,
This world hath formed me downe to fall:
How may I endure whan that every thing endes?
What creature is borne to be eternall,
Now there is no more but pray for me all.
Thus say I Edward that late was your king,
And.xviii.yeares ruled this imperiall:
Sum vnto pleasure and sum to no liking:
Mercy I aske of my misdoing,
What auayleth it frendes to be my foe?
Sith I can not resist, nor amend your complayning,
Quia ecce nunc in pulvere dormio.

I slepe now in molde as it is naturall,
As earth vnto earth hath his reverture:
What ordeyned God to be terrestriall,
Without recourse to the earth by nature?
Who to live ever may him selfe assure?
What is it to trust on mutability?
Sith that in this world nothing may endure?
For now am I gone that was late in prosperity,
To presume therupon it is but a vanitye,
Not certayne, but as a chery fayre ful of wo,

Rayned not I of late in great proſperitye?
Et ecce nunc in pulvere dormio.

Where was in my life ſuch an one as I,
While Lady Fortune with me had continuaunce?
Graunted not ſhe me to have victory,
In England to reyne, and to contribute Fraunce?
She toke me by the hand and led me a daunce,
And with her ſugred lyppes on me ſhe ſmyled.
But what for her diſſembled countenaunce,
I could not be ware tyl I was begiled.
Now from this worlde ſhe hath me exiled,
Whan I was lotheſt hence for to goe,
And am in age as who ſaieth but a childe.
Et ecce nunc in pulvere dormio.

I had ynough I helde me not contente,
Without remembraunce that I ſhould dye:
And moreover to encroch ready was I bent,
I knew not how long I ſhould it occupy,
I made the towr ſtrong I wiſt not why.
I knew not to whom I purchaſed Tattersall.
I amended Dover on the mountayne hye,
And London I provoked to fortify the wall.
I made Nottingham a place full royall.
Windſore, Eltam, and many other mo.
Yet at the laſt I went from them all,
Et ecce nunc in pulvere dormio.

Where is now my conqueſt and victory?
Where is my ritches, and royall array?

Where be my courſers and my horſes hye?
Where is my mirth, my ſolas, and playe?
As vanity to nought all is wyndred away:
O Lady Bes long for me may you call,
For I am departed vntill doomes day:
But love you that lord that is ſoveraine of all.
Where be my caſtels and buyldinges royall?
But Windſor alone now have I no mos,
And of Eton th' prayers perpetuall,
Et ecce nunc in pulvere dormio.

Why ſhould a man be proude or preſume hye?
Saynt Barnard therof nobly doth treat,
Saying a man is but a ſacke of ſtercory,
And ſhall returne vnto wurmes meat:
Why what became of Alexander the great?
Or eis of ſtrong Sampſon, who can tell?
Wer not wurmes ordayned their fleſh to freate?
And of Salomon that was of wit the welle?
Abſolon profered his beare for to ſell,
Yet for all his beawty, wurmes eat him alſo.
And I but late in honour did excell,
Et ecce nunc in pulvere dormio.

I have playd my pageaunt, now am I paſt,
Ye wote well all I was of no great elde.
This all thing concluded ſhall be at the laſt,
When death approcheth, than loſt is the felde:
Than ſeing this world me no longer vpholde,
For nought would conſerve me here in my place,
In manus tuas domine my ſpirite vp I yelde,

Vumbly

Humbly beseching the o God, of thy grace,
To you curteous commons your hartes enbrace,
Beningly now to pray for me also,
For right well you know your king I was.
Et ecce nunc in pulvere dormio.

When this was sayde, every man tooke his leave of other and departed: And I the better to acquite my charge, recorded and noted all such matters as they had wylled me.

FINIS.

The Contentes and Table of the booke.

The Epistle dedicatory.

A praise to the Reader, continued betwene the tragedies from the beginning of the booke to the ende.

Tragedies beginning.

Tresilian and his felowes hanged. folio.i.

Mortimer slayne. folio.iiii.

Thomas of Woodstocke murdered. fol.viii.

Nowbray lord Marshall banished. fol.xii.

King Richard the second murdered. fol.xvi.

Owen Glendour starved. fol.xix.

Percy earle of Northumberland beheaded. fo.xxv.

Richard earle of Cambridge beheaded. fo.xxviii.

Thomas Pontague earle of Salisbury slaine. fo.xxx.

King James the fyrst murdered. fo.xxxvi.

Good duke Humfrey murdered, and Elianor Cobham his wife banished. fol.xl.

William de la Poole duke of Southfolke banished and beheaded.

Jacke Cade calling him selfe Mortimer slaine and beheaded.

Richard Plantagenet duke of Yorke slaine. fo.lix.

Lord Clifford slayne. fol.lxii.

John Tiptoft earle of Worcester beheaded. fol.lxiiii.

Richard Nevell erle of Warwike slaine. fol. lxix.

King Henry the fift murdered fol.lxxii.

George duke of Clarence drowned. fol.lxxv.

King Edward the fowerth surfeted. fol.lxxviii.

Finis.

¶ Faultes escaped in the prynting.

Leafe 1. lyne 20. reade,	hath be seen,
Leafe 8. lyne 5. reade,	whose state is stablisht.
Seconde syde lyne 21. reade,	hearken to me.
Leafe 9. lyne 4. reade,	frenchmen to abandon.
Leafe 19. B. lyne 13. reade,	am sterbed Owen,
Leafe 69. lyne 7. reade,	vpon her stately stage,
Leafe 82. B. lyne 15. reade,	attributing to man.
Leafe 84. lyne 26. reade,	fro whiche for. &c.
Leafe 81. lyne 1. reade,	whose lacke,

The same leafe lyne 26. reade, as foulder doth.

B. Signifieth the seconde syde of the Leafe.

¶ Imprinted at
London in Fletestrete nere to
Saynct Dunstones Church by
Thomas Marshe.